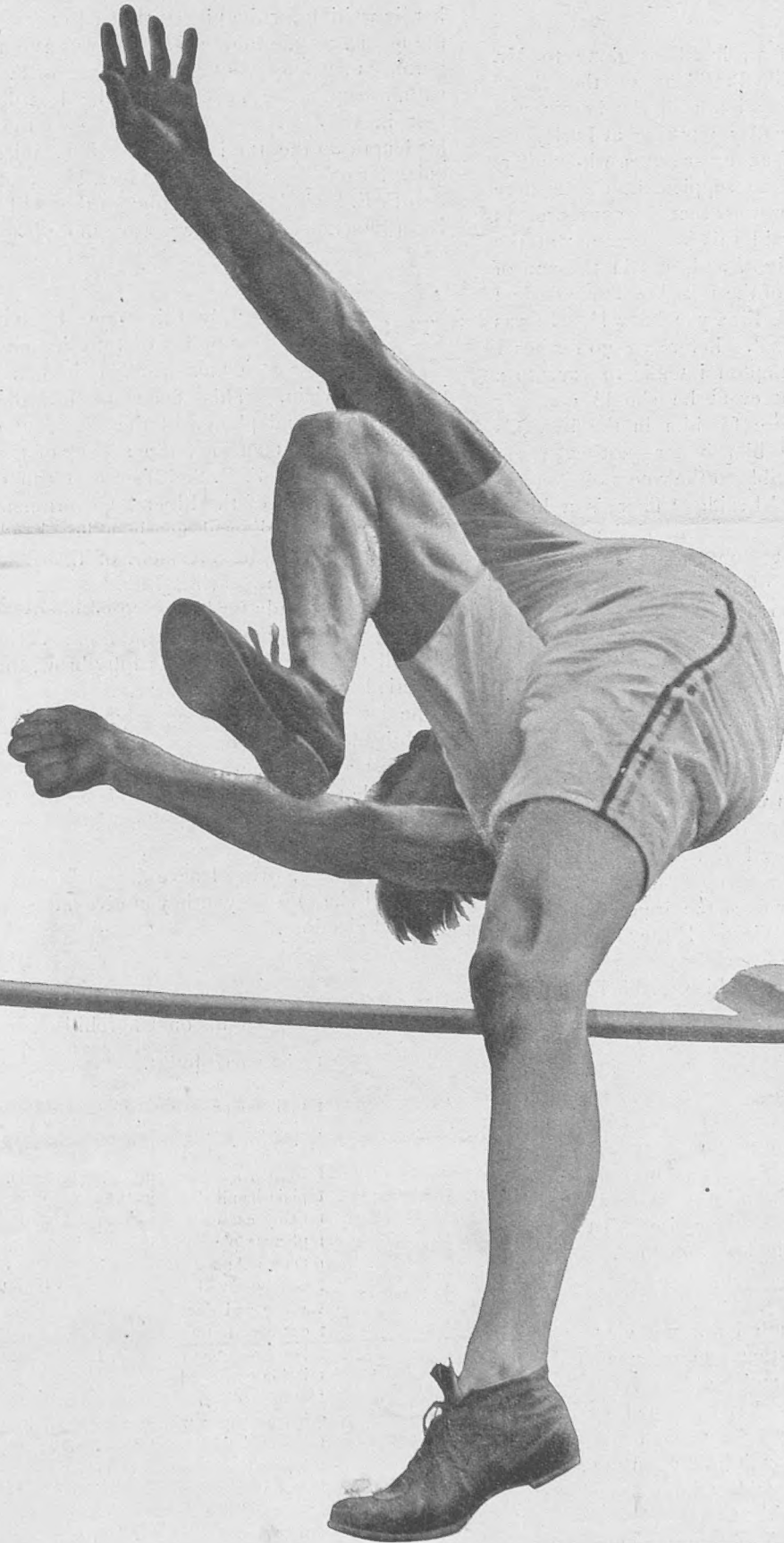


# The Sketch

No. 811.—Vol. LXIII.

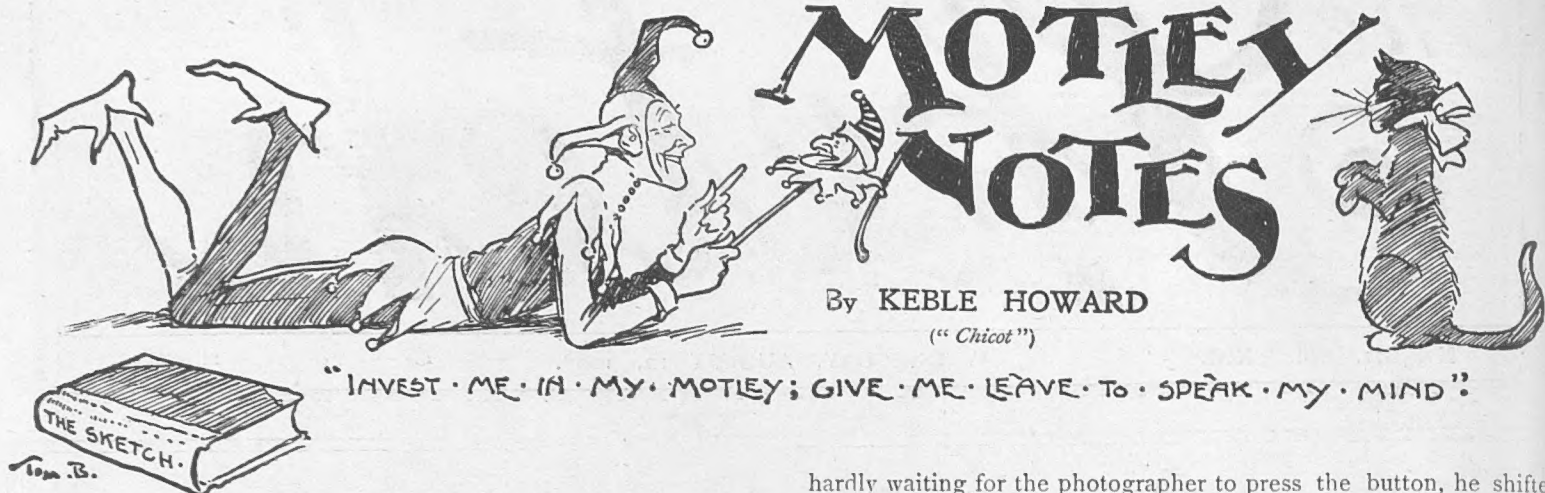
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1908.

SIXPENCE.



HEAD OVER HEELS, OR HEELS OVER HEAD? WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE WHEN YOU JUMP.

Our photograph shows the American, Porter, taking a high jump, and records yet another remarkable attitude taken by an athlete in pursuit of sport.



**Winston's Heroism: Special Interview.** Scant justice, I fear, has been done to Mr. Winston Churchill, President of the Board of Trade, in connection with the heroic part he played in the early hours of Thursday morning at Burley-on-the-Hill. Thanks to the courtesy of an eye-witness, who prefers to remain anonymous, I am enabled to supplement the meagre accounts of Mr. Winston Churchill's prowess that have appeared in the daily press. "I was sleeping," said this gentleman, "at the top of the house. I retired at midnight, and was in the act of brushing my teeth when the President of the Board of Trade dashed into the room, crying "Fire! I say. Fire, you know!" He was attired in pyjamas and a fireman's helmet. Before we go further I should like to suggest that, if Mr. Frampton intends to execute a statue in commemoration of the great event he should certainly persuade Mr. Winston Churchill to pose for him in the fireman's helmet. No headgear ever became him better—not even the square felt hat that appealed so irresistibly to the voters of Dundee. However, to resume. 'What about it?' I said. 'There's a lot to burn before it gets to me,' I said. The President of the Board of Trade, as you may imagine, did not stop to argue the point. Seizing me round the waist with a grip of iron, he flung me headlong from the window. I alighted on a rosebed. Doubtless, he aimed me at it.

**Knick-Knacks v. Patriotism.** "Having thoroughly dusted myself, it occurred to me that I might be able to assist in saving the knick-knacks. I had observed two vases on the hall mantelpiece that were probably of immense value. The hall was not on fire, and I was on the point of making a dash for the vases when the President of the Board of Trade, still wearing the fireman's helmet, emerged with them, carrying one in either hand. A tremendous cheer went up from the assembled villagers, who were keeping well away from the fire on account of the warmth of the weather. 'Good old Winston!' they shouted, and a beauteous lady, laying her hand upon his sleeve, begged the President of the Board of Trade not to endanger his valuable life further. 'Let F. E. Smith do the rest,' she suggested. 'There may be other F. E. Smiths—there will never be another Winston Churchill!' With a savage yell, he flung her from him. 'Shall I desert my friend's knick-knacks for the sake of the mere country?' he cried, in a ringing voice. 'No!' yelled the villagers, and another splendid cheer rent the air into a million pieces as the President of the Board of Trade once again dashed, helmet lowered, into the hall. Anxiously we waited. Mr. F. E. Smith lit a cigarette from the blaze. True sportsman that he is, he recognised that this was Winston's 'do.' In the meantime, we held our breath.

**A Sinister Incident.** "I was told—though I will not vouch for the truth of the story—that one old man held his breath too long, and suddenly shot heavenwards. Be that as it may, certain it is that it seemed an eternity before Mr. Winston Churchill again appeared through that yawning doorway. The fire had now got a thorough hold upon the servants' wing, the caps and aprons of the housemaids adding largely to the fury of the conflagration. This time the President of the Board of Trade was carrying a door-mat. Just a little door-mat; but do you suppose he scorned to save it, trifling as the value may have been? Not he! A snob would have gone for the grand piano, but Winston Churchill is no snob, as this night proved. He laid the door-mat on the lawn at our feet with the docility of a retriever. Then,

hardly waiting for the photographer to press the button, he shifted the helmet a trifle to one side, and was running at top-speed for the burning mansion. As fate would have it, F. E. Smith lay full in his path, asleep. The President of the Board of Trade, catching his foot in the garments of the Hope of the Tory Party, measured his length on the turf! We rushed to raise him, but he was too quick for us. Springing to his feet, he shouted a brilliant epigram into F. E. Smith's ear—an epigram that will go down to history (if I can remember it)—and was once more lost to view.

#### The Speech from the Steps.

"By this time, I should tell you, copious supplies of refreshments had arrived from the Chicken and Ham, a little alehouse in the immediate vicin. This accounts for the fact that no cheer hailed the second plunge of the President of the Board of Trade into the burning mansion; the silence of the villagers was not due, as some friend of F. E. Smith's was mean enough to hint, to the waning popularity of the Liberal Government. It is true that one oaf, who had swallowed nearly a hogshead of beer and rescued nothing, ran after the President of the Board of Trade, shouting, 'What about the Licensing Bill?' But what of that? Winston Churchill was ready for him. Standing on the front steps of the burning mansion, and raising the fireman's helmet from his head so that all might gaze upon his lofty brow, the much-photographed, he cried in ringing tones, 'Am I a statesman or a fireman?' 'The latter!' we cried elegantly, for indeed he was. The local fire brigades arrived on the scene just as the maids were laying breakfast on the lawn, but they guessed at once that there was nothing left for them to do. 'Uz mid az well girt 'long whoam!' observed the captain, manfully endeavouring to talk like one of Mr. Thomas Hardy's peasants. 'Boys,' said the President of the Board of Trade, 'what I have done this night is nothing compared to what I shall do for you if you give me your generous support at the next election!'

#### Business Done.

"Among the valuable articles saved by Mr. Winston Churchill were the following—

- 1 wire sponge-basket.
- 1 cane boot-stand.
- 1 polished brass kerb suite.
- 1 club or seat fender.
- 1 electro-plated luncheon-cruet.
- 1 French spot muslin cap, with ends.
- 1 plain-handled sweet-dish.
- 1 richly cut ditto.
- 1 planoscopic double achromatic lens.
- 1 Queen Anne folding-chair.
- 1 copy "My Gal is a High-Born Lady" (banjo setting).
- 1 white and decorated bed-room suite.
- 1 enamelled stove, heating capacity 4000 cubic feet.
- 1 brass sponge-bowl with brush-rack.
- 1 inside carriage-brush.
- 1 outside ditto.
- 1 horse-scraper with double wood handles.
- 1 bevelled mirror (21 in. by 18 in.).
- 1 bottle petroleum hair-tonic.
- 1 cream or white dwarf daisy-band.
- 1 bronze bell-push.
- 1 trembling bell in polished case with two bobbins.
- 1 hat (property of F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P.).
- 1 reliable magazine camera, with book of instruc.
- 1 stylish glacé kid Louis XV. shoe.
- 1 washing-copper with elbow-pipe.

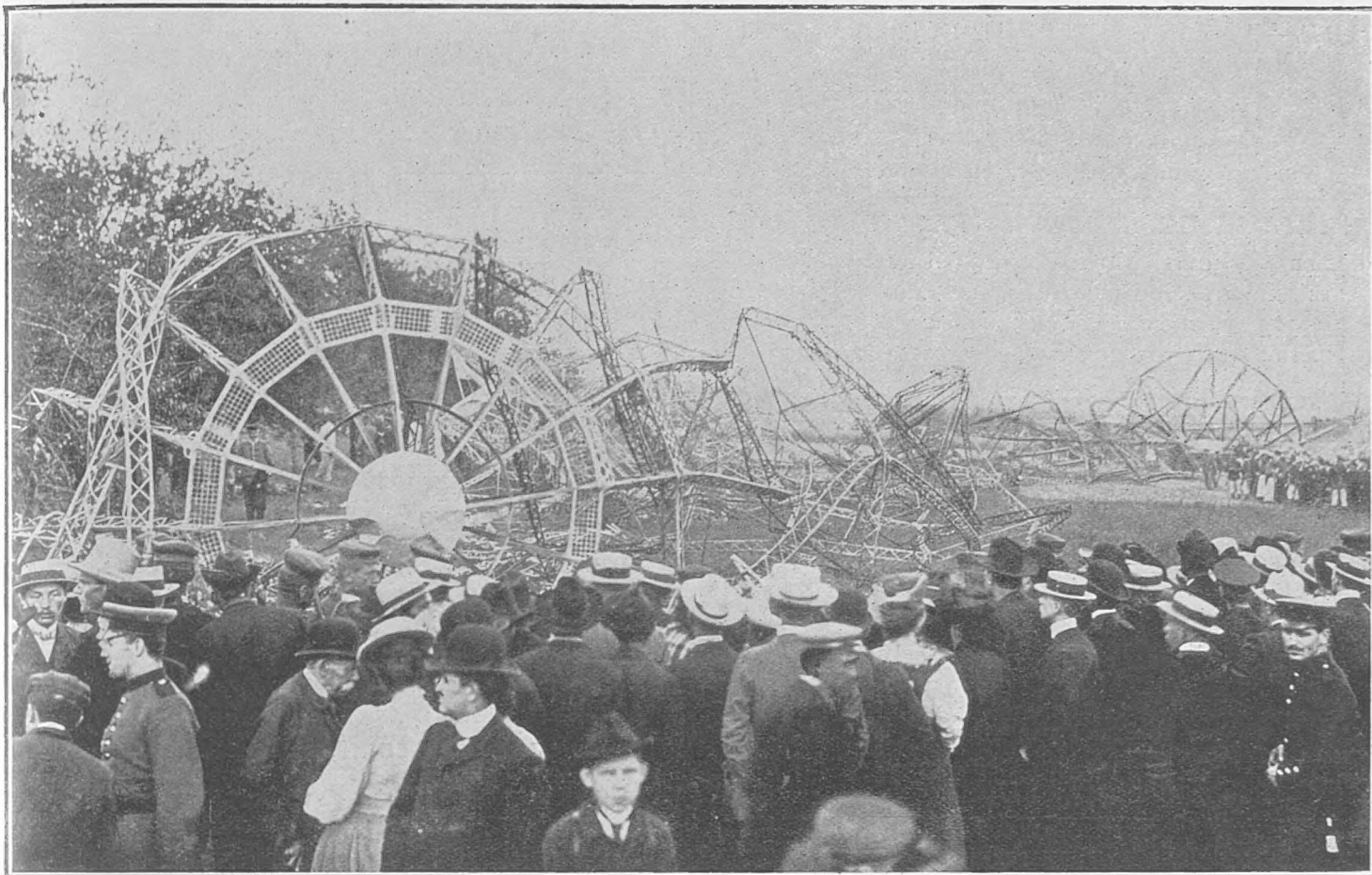
And that, Sir, is all I can remember at present."

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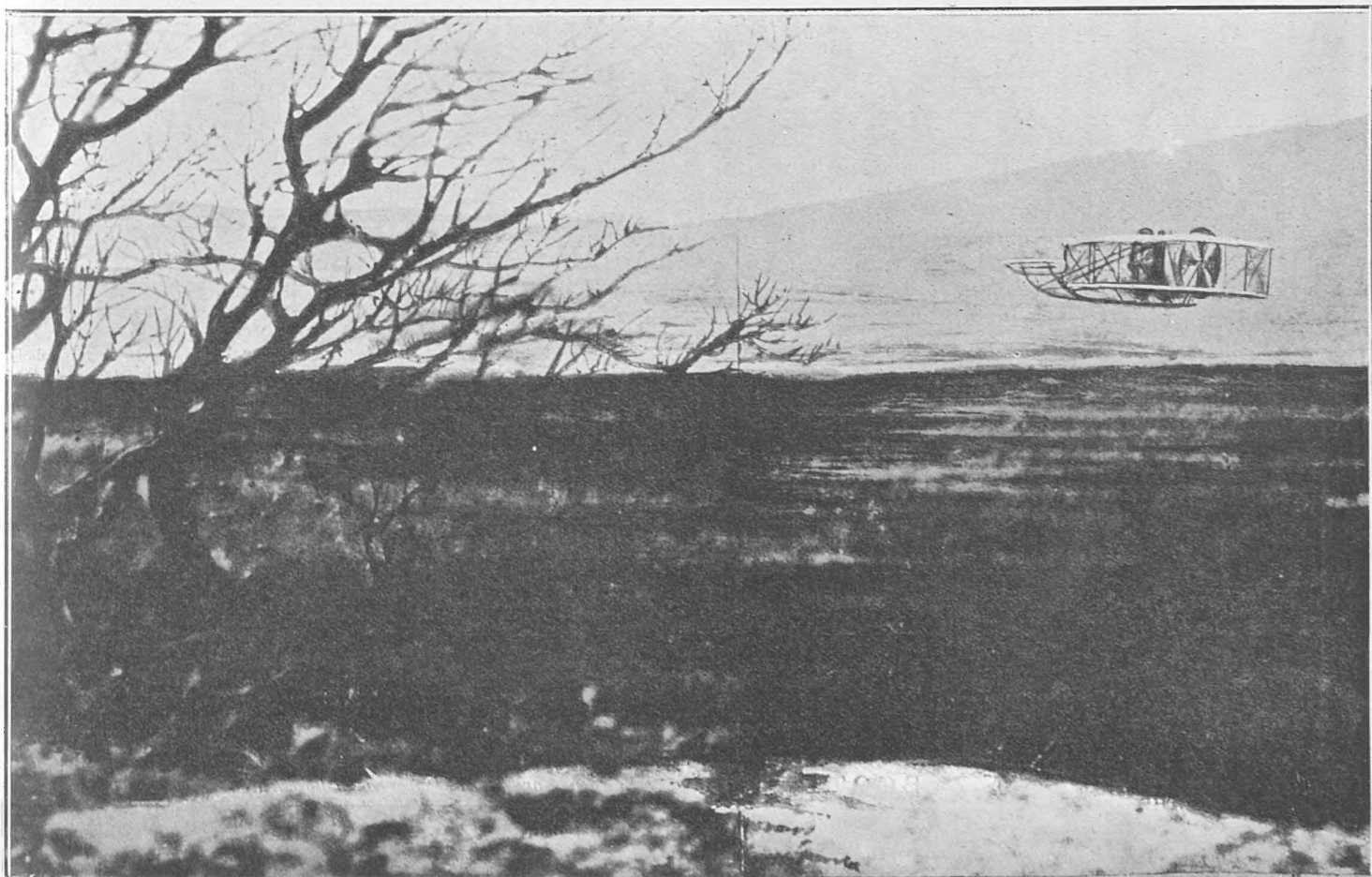


## THE RISE AND FALL OF AERIAL NAVIGATION: THE WRIGHT WAY AND THE ZEPPELIN.



THE MACHINE THAT FLIES AND LIGHTS: THE BROKEN-BACKED ZEPPELIN AIRSHIP, AFTER THE DISASTER.

We need hardly point out that Count Zeppelin's magnificent air-ship came to grief only after a splendid flight. Count Zeppelin started his journey at 6.45 a.m. on Tuesday of last week; descended at Oppenheim at 6 o'clock on the evening of the same day; resumed his journey at 10.30; and reached Stuttgart at 6.15 on the following morning. Eventually the airship came to ground at Echterdingen. At about three o'clock in the afternoon a violent storm got up. The air-ship was torn from its moorings and drifted off towards the south-west. A few moments later, it was a mass of flames. Much sympathy has been shown to Count Zeppelin, and the German people, who had built great hopes about his work, are subscribing for the construction of a new machine.—[*Photograph by Branger.*]



THE MACHINE THAT FLIES AND ALIGHTS "LIKE A BIRD": THE REMARKABLE WRIGHT AEROPLANE IN FLIGHT.

The Wright aeroplane, concerning which there has been so much mystery, the existence of which some people even went so far as to doubt, made a remarkable flight in France on Sunday last. It covered a distance of three kilometres, round the racecourse of Les Hunaudières, near Le Mans, and came to earth as lightly as a bird within a few feet of its starting point. Mr. Wilbur Wright was aboard. The aeroplane was the one used in Ohio some few years ago. The machine was in the air for one minute forty-five seconds. Mr. Wright is in France in the hope that he will be able to earn the £20,000 offered for the French rights of his invention if he can fulfil certain conditions. These conditions are that he shall make two flights of 50 kilometres each, and shall carry with him a passenger, or a bag of sand weighing as much as a man.

*Copyright Photograph by the New York Herald.*



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# SMALL TALK



WIFE OF THE NEW  
MEMBER FOR  
HAGGERSTON: LADY GWENDOLEN  
GUINNESS.

*Photograph by Alice Hughes.*

their young daughters were thoroughly well taught not only the usual accomplishments appertaining to modern girlhood, but more serious subjects as well. The late election was not Lady Gwendolen's

THE new member for Haggerston undoubtedly owed not a few of the votes which made him an M.P. to the winning manner and clever electioneering tactics of his young wife. Lady Gwendolen Guinness has brains as well as beauty, and as a pretty debutante she was considered quite a "blue-stocking," for her parents, Lord and Lady Onslow, are both believers in the higher education of women, and saw to it that

*The Revels at Serlby.* Lord and Lady Galway played

a doubly active rôle in the charming masque or pageant entitled "King Harry's Revel," which took place at Serlby Hall last week. The many-wived monarch was, of course, the hero, and Lady Galway herself took the part of an ancestress who had acted as the hostess of the formidable King on a visit he paid to Serlby. Of the many peeresses who can without vanity term themselves first-rate amateur actresses, Lady Galway bears the palm. She is a really brilliant player, her fine presence and exquisite diction being, of course, great points in her favour. Lord Galway

is also very fond of every form of what our ancestors called "mumming," and he and Lady Galway have transmitted their tastes in this direction to their son and daughter.

*An Olympic Host.*

Mr. George A. Kessler may be said to have set the crowning glory on the British Olympiad by the splendid banquet he offered to the competitors and committees of the Olympic Games at his happily named riverside home, New York Lodge, Bourne End. Four hundred representatives of twentieth-century athletic sport sat down at the kindly American millionaire's hospitable board. The huge tent in which dinner was served was Greek in general design, being built round pilasters, while on the ceiling was traced the gigantic figure of a Greek warrior, and in the background was a fairy-like reconstitution of the Acropolis and Parthenon. Particular interest attached to the after-dinner speeches, the more so that one of the principal guests of honour was the noted Governor Bunn, who brought a most graceful and welcome message of goodwill from the American athletes. While doing so, he paid a most delightful tribute to Mr. Kessler, of whom he observed "to know him is to love his bountiful liberality, his hasty temper, his big manhood, his unceasing endeavour wisely directed." Small wonder that Lord Desborough signified the British sportsmen's gratification by presenting the host with the gold medal of the Olympic Games of 1908.



THE OWNER  
OF NEW  
YORK LODGE,  
BOURNE END: MR. G. A. KESSLER.

*Photograph by Fradelle and Young.*



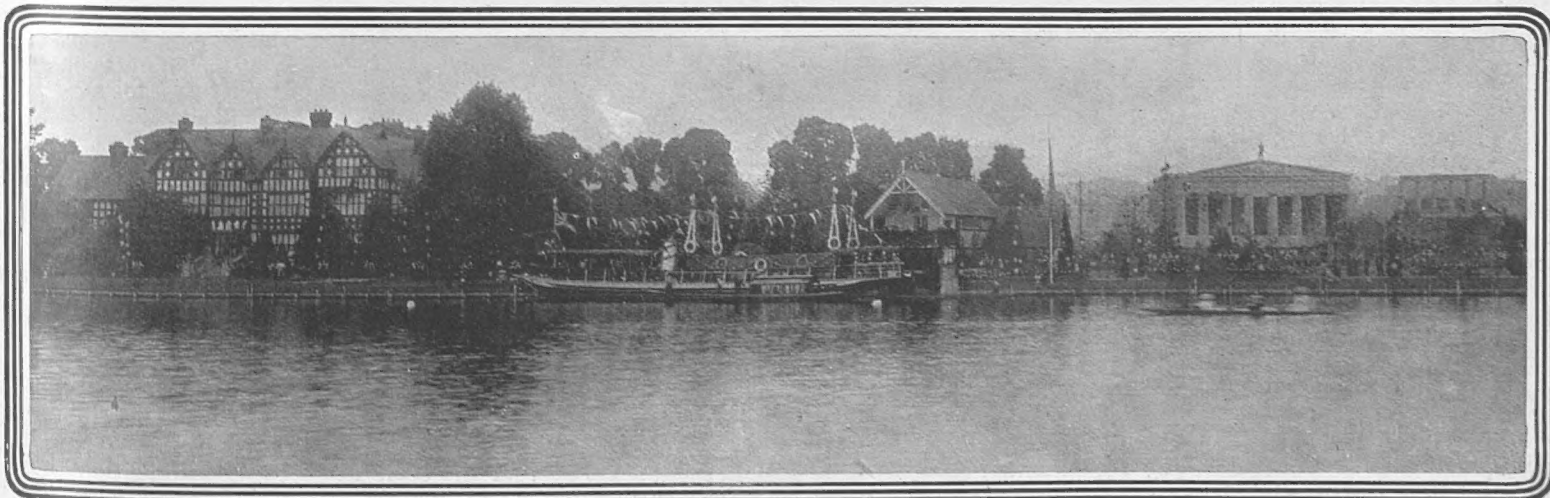
AUTHOR OF "KING HARRY'S REVEL":  
VISCOUNTESS GALWAY AS THE LADY  
IDONEA

*Photograph by Knights Whitcome.*



PLAYER IN "KING HARRY'S REVEL":  
LORD GALWAY AS THE DUKE OF  
SUFFOLK.

*Photograph by Knights Whitcome.*



GREEK RUINS ON THE BANK OF THE THAMES: NEW YORK LODGE, BOURNE END, AND ITS GROUNDS, AS THEY APPEARED ON THE OCCASION OF THE RIVER FÊTE TO THE COMPETITORS IN THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

New York Lodge belongs to Mr. George A. Kessler, and on the occasion already referred to the grounds were transformed. "In the distance rose a full-size representation of the Acropolis, with the Propylea leading majestically towards the Parthenon, and the lovely Caryatides of the Erechtheum beyond."—[*Photograph by Fradelle and Young.*]





# THE CLUBMAN

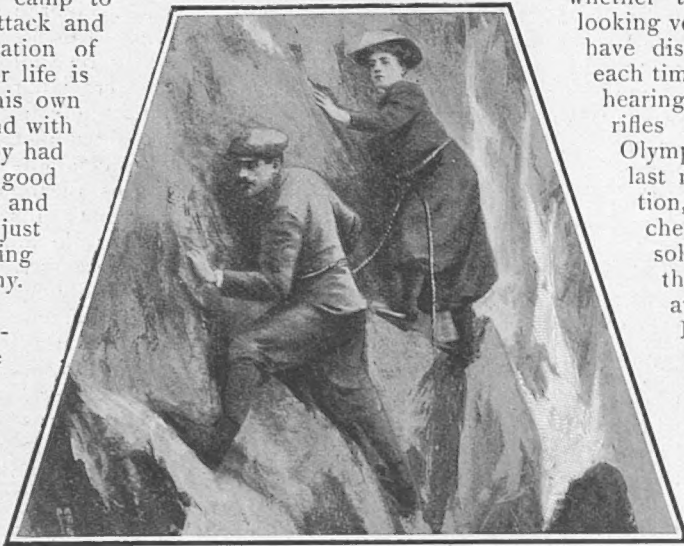
CAMP COOKING—THE TERRITORIALS IN THE FIELD—THE INTERESTING SIDE OF CAMPAIGNING.

I READ that the Public School Volunteers out in camp did all the fatigue work of their encampment except that of cooking their own dinners, for which duty a master cook and some ordinary cooks from the regular forces were attached to them. It is quite true that the cooks of a regiment do no real soldiering work, and that the boys go out into camp to learn how to scout and march, and attack and entrench; but I hold that the education of no man with a love for an open-air life is quite complete unless he can cook his own food with a certain amount of skill and with no waste; and I fancy that if each boy had half-a-day in camp working under a good master cook who would explain the why and wherefore of everything, it would be just as useful to him as a day spent in being defeated by or defeating a skeleton enemy.

It might not be such good fun, perhaps, as real soldiers' work up on the Downs. I hear from all sides that both the Territorials and the cadets are having a very good time. Soldiers' work can be very uninteresting, and it can also be intensely interesting, and the young Brigadiers under whom the Territorials are learning their work have, either of their own accord or as a result of a hint from headquarters, determined that this year the "Terriers" shall see the most fascinating side of the soldier's life. On a sunny day to lie amidst the bracken on the crest of a hill, and to watch the development of an attack in its early stages, is a delightful occupation, more especially when you know that you are performing your duty by King and country in doing what, under other circumstances, might be called a loaf in the sun.

Then when the forces on either side come into touch and the enemy are creeping and rushing from one bit of cover to another one, there is all the excitement of a battle without any of its danger. You draw a steady bead upon your cousin in another corps as he tries to creep from a furze-bush to a rock, and you say "Got him!" with great elation when you are sure that you would have drilled a hole through his head if the cartridges were "ball" and not "blank." When the counter-attack is delivered or when a retirement has to be made to take up a fresh position, and every company and every section of a company and every individual of a section is fighting a battle of the first importance, there is all the delight of all the intelligence a man or boy possesses being exercised to its fullest extent. It is play, exciting play, but play which is of the greatest use. And the attack is just as exciting, just as good fun. The man fresh from an office-stool in the dingy City tastes all the pleasure of a deerstalker who pays

many thousands of pounds a year for a forest as he worms his way from a tree-trunk to a dip in the common land, or pushes forward a screen of bracken over open ground, hoping that the Birnham Wood tactics which were so effective against Macbeth may serve once again in Southern counties. He wonders whether the eyes which he knows must be looking very keenly for him through field-glasses have discovered him after every advance, and each time that he gains a score of yards without hearing the whip-crack of the defenders' rifles he feels as though he had made an Olympic record. The excitement of the last rush made against an entrenched position, with bugles blowing and the men cheering, stirs the blood of the oldest soldier, who has done this a couple of thousand times before; to the new-comer at the game it must be simply splendid. If the stay-at-home knew how much health, how much amusement, how much excitement there is to be got out of the fighting side of a soldier's life—the side the Territorials are being shown this summer—there would be no difficulty in filling the ranks.



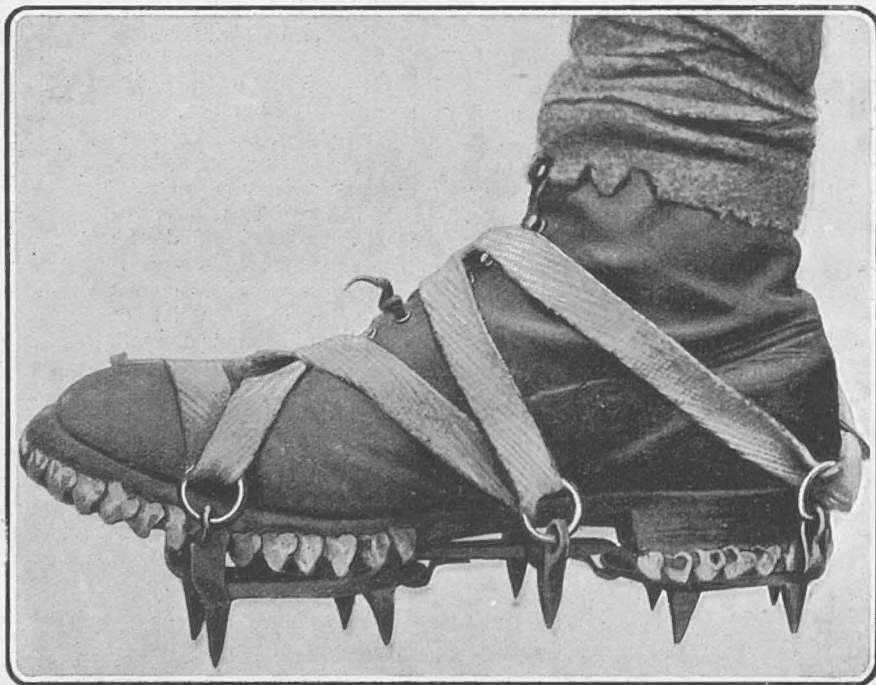
IF YOU WISH TO AVOID DISASTER ON THE ALPS, DO NOT GET INTO THIS POSITION.

In our illustration the climbers are too close together, the result being that the rope that joins them is dangerously slack.

not. In a modern battle on even the smallest scale so much front is covered that only the officer in command and his staff know what is going on along the whole line of battle. When a company has gained an individual success, it is quite heart-breaking to get an

order to retire; but if, after the day's manoeuvres are over, the men learn what the Chief Umpire has told the Commanding Officers at the "pow-wow" after the fight, and are informed what the plans of the rival Generals were, where attack or defence failed, and what part their regiment and their company played in the great game, they understand what they have been doing as the pawns on the board; and orders which seemed of no special purpose on the field of battle become intelligible with the new light upon them.

Even night-work has its delights. No man, unless he has lain and listened intently for the breaking of a twig or the sound of a footfall on leaves, knows how full the night is of wonderful sounds, and no man who has not bivouacked on outlying picket under a starlit sky quite appreciates the beauty of the heavens. To know that a night attack is coming, to be on the alert to warn the force behind when it is going to be pushed home, but not to alarm the sleeping regiment until it is absolutely necessary, strings up the nerves as do few other things.



THE BOOTS YOU MUST WEAR IF YOU WOULD CLIMB THREE PEAKS A DAY! AN ALPINIST'S BOOT, HEAVILY NAILED AND FITTED WITH A TEN-POINTED CRAMPON.

In connection with our photographs dealing with Alpine climbing, it is interesting to note that an American, Mr. Burr, of Boston, achieved a remarkable record last week, ascending the Jungfrau, the Mönch, and the Eiger, between midnight and 3.15 in the afternoon. Mr. Burr, accompanied by two guides, started from the Bergli at midnight, climbed by lantern-light to the summit of the Jungfrau, which was reached at 3.15; then ascended the Mönch, the top of which he reached at 6.30 a.m.; and then tackled the Eiger, the summit of which was reached at noon. By 3.15 the party had returned to the Little Scheidegg.

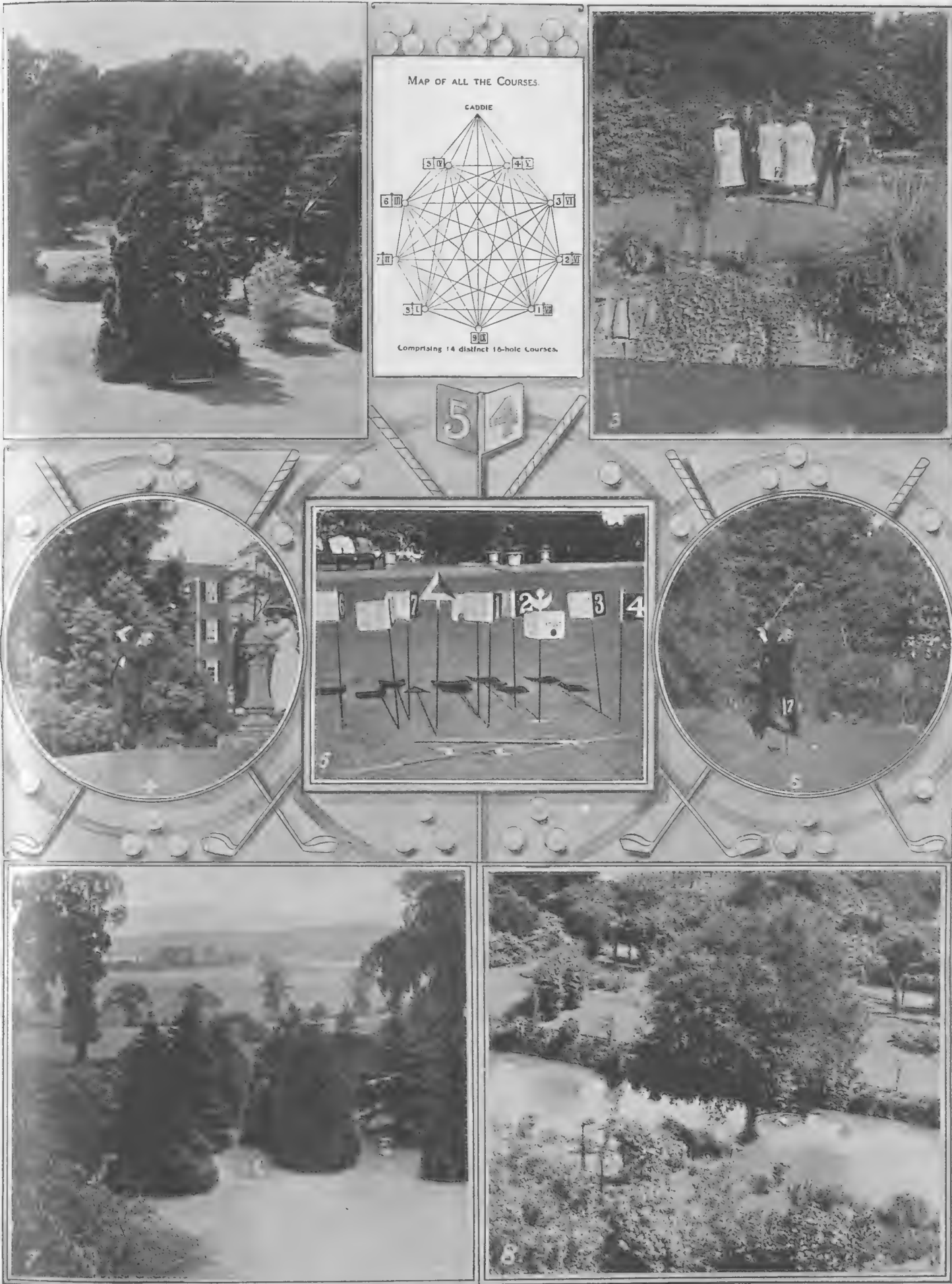


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TEN 18-HOLE GOLF COURSES ON EVERY LAWN :  
RINGOLF, THE NEW GAME.



1. TREES THAT ACT AS BUNKERS. 2. A DIAGRAM OF THE FULL COURSE OF 18 HOLES. 3. CLEARING THE WATER BUNKER.  
4. DRIVING THROUGH A TREE TO THE NEXT GREEN. 5. NECESSITIES FOR RINGOLF. 6. A PLAYER ABOUT TO CLEAR THE WATER BUNKER.  
7 and 8. THE BEST COURSE FOR RINGOLF—A HOLE AMONG THE TREES, AND A MOAT AS AN OBSTACLE.

Ringolf, which is the invention of Colonel Western, and is being strenuously advocated by Messrs. Gamage, who are prepared to give all particulars, brings home golf to everybody's door. "It is played with precisely the same implements as golf, and each stroke requires precisely the same skill, and is played in precisely the same manner as at golf, and within the limitations of the size of the ground that is available, every stroke that is possible at golf is possible and can be played at Ringolf. . . . An 8-acre field will provide space for a link being laid out permitting of 14 separate and distinct 18-hole courses, in which every possible stroke up to the longest drive can be indulged in and practised. Can the most ardent golfer wish for more? Is he weak in his approach shots? Let him play short courses till he can land every stroke on the green. Does he wish to practise driving? He can drive from morn to eve and always find an adjacent tee, and a full drive hole facing him. Does he seek for variety? Let him play the 'caddie' courses. Ten 18-hole courses await his choice, in which every hole varies in length, and direction, and light, and wind, and difficulty, &c., &c." As may be noted by the diagram, which is reproduced, by permission of Colonel Western, from "The Laws and Rules of Ringolf," the player, instead of going in a straight line from start to finish, plays over a series of triangles, and is continually going backwards and forwards within a confined space.

Photographs taken, at a special demonstration for "The Sketch," by the Topical Press.



## OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



MILLIONS IN A TANK AT THE "ZOO": FISH WHO ARE DEATH TO MOSQUITOES.

There have just been added to the collection at the Zoological Gardens a number of the small fresh-water fish from Barbadoes known as millions. These are to be seen in a tank in the tortoise-house, and are of particular interest because of their supposed action in preventing malaria. Malaria is very much less common in the Barbadoes than in other West Indian islands, and it has been suggested that this freedom is due to the presence of enormous quantities of the millions in the fresh-water pools. The little fish are very voracious, and destroy large numbers of the larvæ of mosquitoes that spread malaria. The males are about half an inch long, with brilliant iridescent colour, and large black spots on the sides. The females are a good deal larger, and are less highly coloured.—[Photographs by Berridge.]



BUTTER IN PLACE OF MARBLE: "THE LANDING OF JACQUES CARTIER IN CANADA," SCULPTURED IN BUTTER.

"Butter sculpture" is one of the chief attractions in the great Canadian Pavilion at the Franco-British Exhibition, and the tableau illustrated, which is made entirely of butter, calls for much attention. It shows the landing of the French explorer, Jacques Cartier, in Canada. Cartier was a St. Malo man, and left that port with a small fleet of three vessels in 1535. The tableau shows the explorer being received by an Indian chief, Donaconna.—[Photograph by Valentine, supplied by Shepstone.]

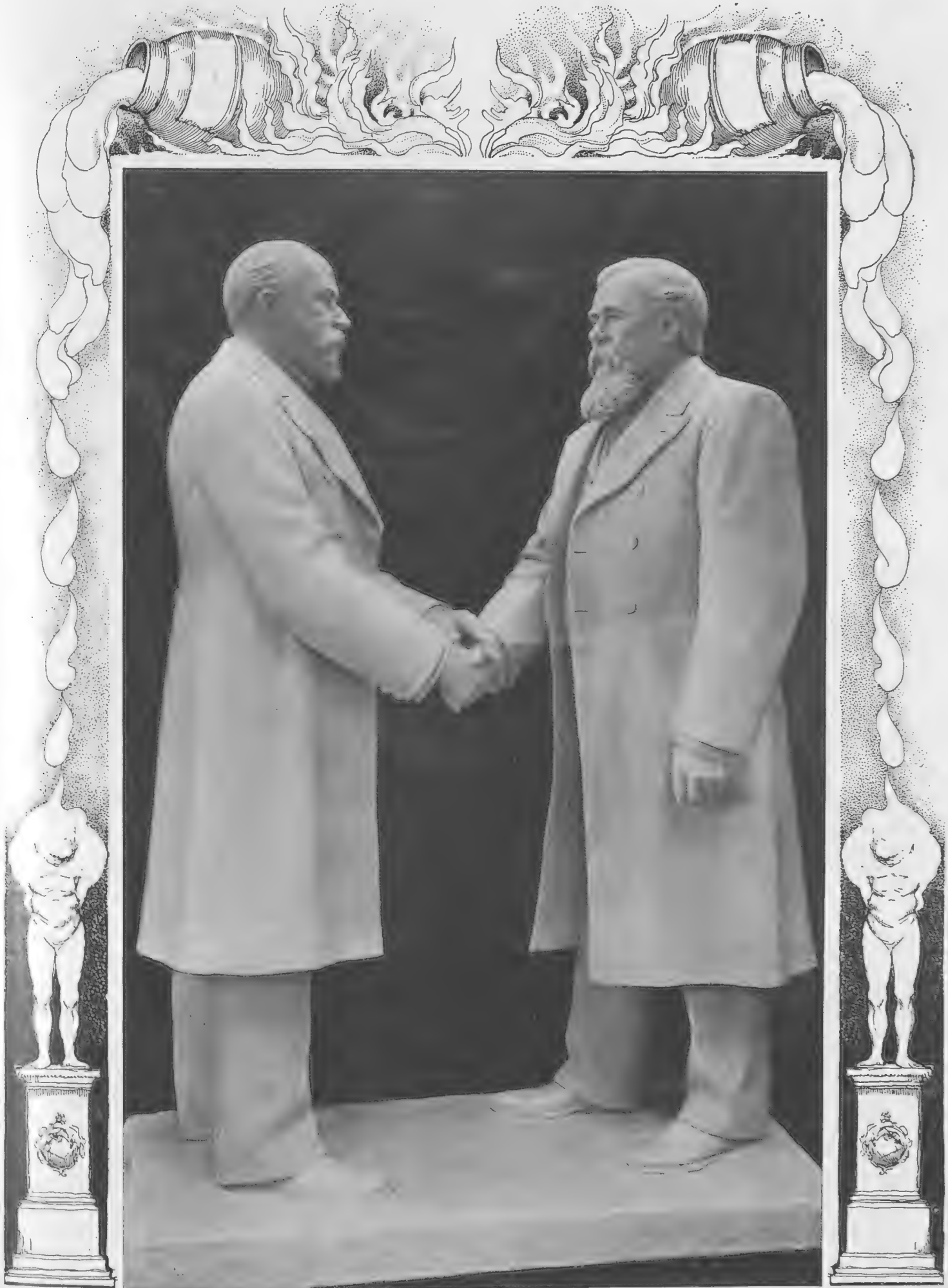


SUN AND SNOW WITHIN THIRTY-FIVE MINUTES OF ONE ANOTHER: GREAT HEAT AND GREAT COLD A MILE AND A HALF APART

The first of these views was taken on the Sierra Madre Mountains, in Los Angeles county, California. The photographer then shouldered his camera, walked at a brisk pace for five-and-thirty minutes, and took photograph number two. The distance between the two points, photographed within thirty-eight minutes, is under a mile and a half.



A STATUE THAT CAN BE EATEN WITH BREAD:  
SCULPTURE IN BUTTER.



A MOMENT THAT IS LESS MELTING THAN IT LOOKS: THE KING GREETING PRESIDENT FALLIÈRES—  
A REMARKABLE GROUP IN FROZEN BUTTER.

The figures of the King and President Fallières were carved in butter by a well-known artist, whose name we are not at liberty to mention. The statue took four weeks to complete. The butter of which the figures are made was kept frozen while the artist was at work, and is now kept at freezing point by a powerful refrigerating plant, which has been specially installed. The group, like that on our "Wonderful World" page, is on view in the Canadian Pavilion at the Franco-British Exhibition.—[Photographs by Valentine, supplied by Shepstone.]



HOSTESS OF THE "MERMAID":  
MRS. BROOKE.

*Photograph by Swaine.*

every runs its course as though he were here in fact, as in fiction he is supposed to be. If the King of Greece wishes to leave home, he must appoint a Regent. So must the King of Roumania. Our King moves about the Continent with perfect freedom, though in Queen Victoria's time the departure from England of the Sovereign was deemed so terrific a matter that the question of its propriety and expediency was anxiously debated in Parliament. We manage things less fussily nowadays. The Queen used to have to sign every warrant for an execution, every document affecting the promotion of officers in the Services. And so keen were Ministers to have the Sovereign ever at hand, that Balmoral was considered far too remote for the Court.

#### *A Semi-Royal Divorce.*

The ex-Crown-Princess of Saxony, whose marriage to the pianist, Signor Toselli, made such a sensation last year, is now seeking once more to regain her freedom. In Saxony, where the one-time Crown Princess was very popular owing to her kindness of heart and impulsive acts of generosity, the populace hope that she may in time become reconciled to the King, her first, and from the Roman Catholic point of view her only, husband. She is, as the world at large was informed with somewhat unnecessary emphasis, a devoted mother, and it is said that she has lately petitioned the King to allow her to live in some conventual retreat, where she can be allowed to see, at stated intervals, her many children, including the little Monica Pia, who spent the first months of her infant life in the Isle of Wight, but has now been for some time at the Bavarian Court.

#### *Little Princes as Haymakers.*

How delighted that good old King, "Farmer George," would have been had some seer prophesied that something like a hundred years after his own happy, peaceful life at Frogmore, the charming old house would echo to the voices of his own descendants, raised in happy anticipation of a haymaking party! The Princess of Wales and her younger children have been spending at Frogmore a quiet and delightful holiday, and Princes George and John have seen something of haymaking in the pretty fields attached to the quaint old house which is full of such happy memories for more than one member of our royal family. Both the Heir-Apparent and his consort do everything in

## CROWNS CORONETS COURTIERS

KING EDWARD'S visit to the Emperor of Austria to-day must make some other Sovereigns of Europe envy his Majesty.

The King leaves for abroad, and the State machinery

their power to bring up their sons as simply and wholesomely as possible, and it is said that the younger Princes of Wales will very probably

in due course be entered at one of our great public schools.

The question will not have to be decided for some time, for Prince George is not yet six, and Prince John only celebrated his third birthday on the 12th of last month.



AGAIN SEEKING FREEDOM: MME. TOSELLI,  
EX-CROWN-PRINCESS OF SAXONY.

*Photograph by Otto.*

#### *A Gipsy of High Degree.*

Lady Arthur Grosvenor, the still youthful-looking aunt of the Duke of Westminster, has just returned from what seems to have been an ideal caravanning tour through the leafy counties of England. When her Ladyship takes to the road she does so in no frivolous or amateurish spirit, for, accompanied by a friend, she strips herself for the nonce of all the insignia of rank and gentle birth, and assumes the garb, the colouring, the very accents of the daughter of a Romany; and she is very proud of the fact that so far no one has ever challenged her being what she seems to be. Lady Arthur, who is a keen sportswoman and an intense lover of country life, is mistress of a charming old-world manor-house, the Old Hall, Broxton, Cheshire. She first became the happy owner of a caravan some years ago, and she considers that there is no more delightful way of spending a holiday than in this leisurely fashion.

#### *A Yachting Hostess.*

It used to be said that, just as a sailor was supposed to be no good on horseback, so a soldier could hardly be expected to turn out a good yachtsman. If that be so, a brilliant exception to the rule is Major Brooke, who, together with his pretty wife, is devoted to the sea. They sailed the *Mermaid* at Cowes, and in between times entertained their many friends both on shore and afloat.



THE YOUNGEST OF THE PRINCES OF WALES: THE PRINCES GEORGE  
AND JOHN OF WALES.—[Photograph by Speaight.]

#### *Keeping Our Powder Dry.*

The curious tale of the new Republic which America was, but for the unconscionable interference of the authorities, soon to have seen, recalls a plot of which Sir Charles Dilke was the means of warning the Government of the day. The scheme aimed at blowing up the powder-magazines in the Government yard at Purfleet. Then, as ever, there was a woman in the case. Indeed, there were two women in it; hence, perhaps, the discovery of the secret. They were able to give the details of the plot from A to Z. They made Sir Charles their confidant. He lost not an instant in handing on the warning and—the fatal spark remained unfired, and we keep our powder dry and our magazines still intact.



JUMPING FOUR FEET OVER FOURTEEN HANDS.



CLEARING A LIVING OBSTACLE: A FEAT NOT ATTEMPTED AT HORSE SHOWS.

The feat is all the more wonderful in that it is by no means easy to persuade a horse to jump over anything living.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

**Twisting Jumbo's Tail.**

Had the "Vandycks" that were the cause of the prosecutions in Italy all proved genuine, it is to be feared that the trial would have enhanced the joy of possession in those who had become owners of the transferred treasure. Possession is not only nine points of the law; it constitutes that delight which is said to sweeten stolen waters. To have it known that other people much desired that which he owned was one of the chief aims of the illustrious Barnum. Merely to gain possession of our only Jumbo did not satisfy him; he must have the gloomy sorrow of the sentimentalists played upon for all it was worth. It was stated at the time in a London journal of unimpeachable authority that the "Zoo" keeper who was to take the beast away had, and exercised, a secret sign to Jumbo to "lie down." Jumbo did lie down, refusing to go quietly, and half London wept. The showman king then paid £1000, we are assured, to raise an action with a view to interdicting the departure of Jumbo. If he could but have lived to take pictures across the Italian frontier!

**Post-Dated Miracles.**

There is in our midst a gentleman come to tell us that New York will be swallowed up on Dec. 1, and that the rest of the world will disappear into its own internals on the 31st of the same month. He is in wireless communication with the throne of heaven, he says, and so beyond the possibility of error. Strange to say, he finds some of us doubting. He must blame Mr. Nikola Tesla. He bade the world believe, seven years ago, that he had received messages from Mars by wireless telegraphy. The little detail that there may be no Martians did not matter. It is passing sad that that message has never been answered or repeated. All concerning it is as mute as Mr. Tesla has remained regarding the "living machine" which he was, that same year, to produce, to which he would say, "Go and destroy that hostile battle-ship," and see the work performed.

**"Wanted" and Found.**

The pursuit of Lemoine must remind old stagers at Scotland Yard of some of the dances which wily "wanted" gentlemen have led them. Possibly they never sailed closer to the wind than when

treaty applicable, and, moreover, Bidwell was an American subject, so he seemed doubly safe in the then Spanish colony. But he got laid by the heels for some little offence there, and when he came out, after serving his sentence, lo! two detectives from Scotland Yard, supported by a guard from H.M.S. *Fly*, waited to receive him. They snapped him up and carried him aboard the West Indian mail steamer, which was escorted outside the three-mile limit by the *Fly*. But no one seemed to notice that a serious breach of international law had been committed in this kidnapping of an American subject on Spanish soil.



A LION THAT SWALLOWS LETTERS:  
A REMARKABLE POST-BOX.

The post-box is at Lea Marston, near Birmingham, a village on Lord Norton's estate, was presented to the village by the late Lord Norton, and was carved by one of his family.

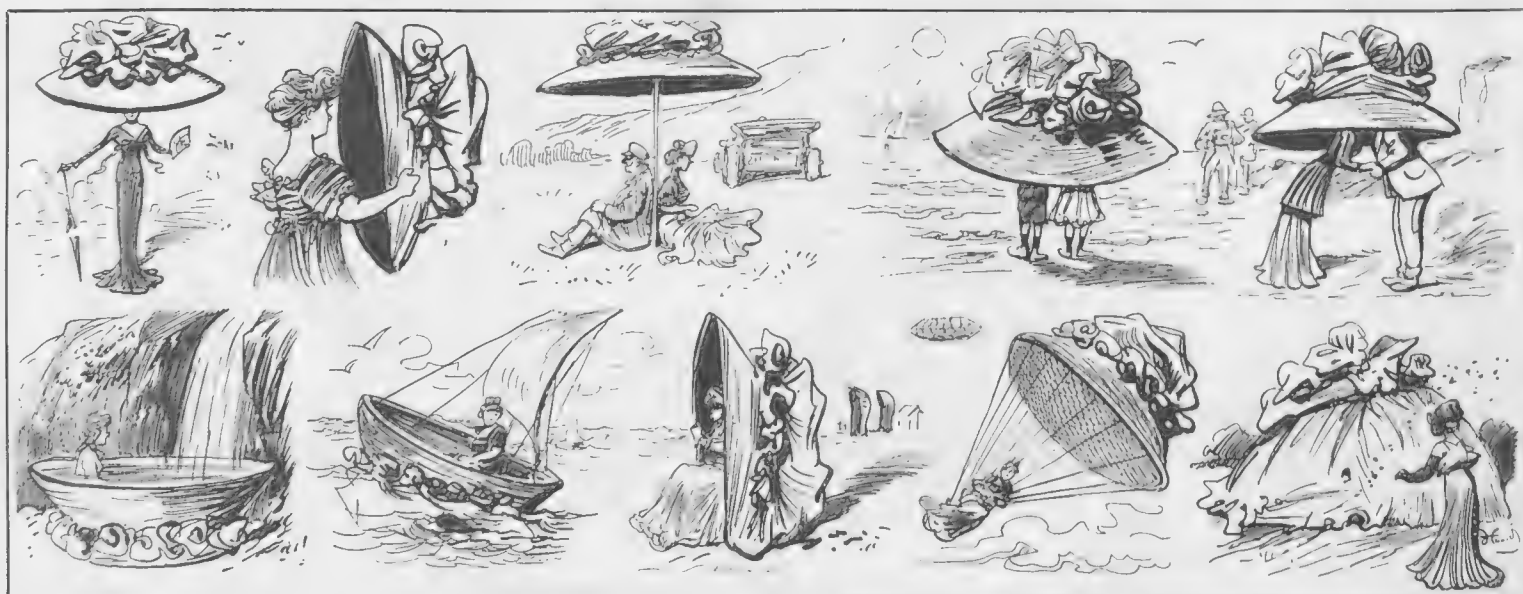
Photograph by Bowman.

**Ye Cannot Enter Now.**

It is to be hoped that during the Parliamentary recess the fierce passions of members excited over the matter of the Irish kilt will cool down, and that we shall not have the Irish members coming back for the re-assembling all arrayed in the forbidden garment. As many of them are Roman Catholics, they will appreciate the fact that costume, ordinarily appropriate, may be censored even outside Parliament. When Dean Stanley wished to be present in the Sistine Chapel on All Souls' Day, he was advised that he had better convert his frock-coat into a *frac noir*. With infinite difficulty he did so, but the deception did not escape the Papal Guards, who unceremoniously turned him back. He returned to his hotel, where a ready American borrowed a huge man's evening-dress coat, and in this invested the great, little Englishman. Though his appearance was highly ludicrous, the Dean was this time admitted.

**The Brutal Truth.**

The story of Ibsen out at dinner in unamiable mood, which has just been sent on its way, recalls an instance as little felicitous in which Freeman, the historian, was the lion of the hour. But the misfortune this time had its birth in the mischance, not of Freeman, but of another guest, Dean Johnson of Wells. The man of letters had been asked to dine with the Archaeological Society, and the one hope of amity lay, it appeared to the promoters, in a fortunate speech by the Dean in proposing Freeman's health. He meant very well, and broke out enthusiastically, "I rise with great pleasure to propose the health of our



THE GIANT-HAT SEASON HAS BEGUN: SOME POSSIBLE USES FOR THE COLOSSAL CHAPEAU.

Already it has been decided that the great size of the fashionable hat has rendered the sunshade unnecessary. What will happen in the near future remains to be seen. Meanwhile our Artist makes some suggestions.

they deliberately defied two nations to arrest Bidwell, who helped to rob the Bank of England of over £100,000. While the elder brother was arrested in Scotland, this one had popped off to Havana, where the Queen's writ did not run. We had no extradition

eminent neighbour, Mr. Freeman, a man who, in his own personal characteristics, has so often depicted for us the savage character of our first forefathers." The worst of it was that this was exactly what the good Dean thought, and had meant not to say.



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NOT TO BE TAKEN LITERALLY.



EDITH: Who is the lady with the racket, Billie?

BILLIE: Don't you know? That's Miss Hogg—the prettiest player in the club.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.



# THE LITERARY LOUNGER

THE *Athenæum* has been lucky more than once in the poems it has published. In its columns "The Deserted Garden" began to be frequented by readers who remember it as, perhaps, the last of the poems of Mr. Swinburne which had the true ring. Then there was the verse which Browning wrote when he read that Edward Fitzgerald, on hearing of Mrs. Browning's death, had thanked heaven we should have no more "Aurora Leighs." The phrase was innocent enough, but Browning read it as a thanksgiving that his wife was dead, and wrote that spitting was too good for Fitzgerald from lips once sanctified by hers. Browning, having tossed on his pillow during the early part of the night, wrote the verse, and arose from his bed to post it before three in the morning. Ere the next night fell, he regretted and would have cancelled the terrible insult of those lines. But the paper had already gone to press, and, for good or for ill, Browning stood by his lines. When attacked for them, he did not make known by word or look his foiled intention of retractation.

The *Athenæum's* latest luck is its unearthing of a poem by the late Francis Thompson relating to his own life in the streets. In the midst of all his dereliction, it seems he had the mystic's power of insulation. As he stood at Charing Cross, spending many a night on the pavement, it was not the omnibus or the cab or the cart that filled his vision. To the religious enthusiast, howsoever disastrous his human fate, he can make the sustaining promise—

And on thy so-sore loss  
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder,  
Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross.

It is well to redeem the word "traffic" from police regulations or from the category in which Praed places it when he declares his schoolboy hate of "trades and traffics"; and that its redemption should be effected by a man who passed years in the streets is quite in accordance with the fitness and yet the surprisingness of things.

The poet who is to be published with the double advertisement of Rodin's illustrations and an address in a French mad-house is said to have claims to the phantom *fauteuil* of the unelected Verlaine. Verlaine wrote in hospital, like Henley, and in prison, like more stately prisoners of a statelier age; and this country has its Cowpers and Smarts. Of Smart, Johnson said that he was considered mad because he prayed in the public street and wore soiled shirts. "I have no passion for clean linen myself," added the lexicographer. But of all the men who have been great in madness and for whom the lunatic-asylum has been the headquarters of inspiration, Méryon, the etcher, is the most remarkable. Like the new poet, he had to hide himself from the world's praise and recognition, his

delusion being that he imagined himself plotted against. The Jesuits, he averred, rubbed and destroyed his prints as they hung in the galleries, and no contrivances for their protection availed. Prints exist, I believe, bearing notes in his handwriting explaining their bad condition, and the portrait of the artist in his bed at the Charenton asylum shows a man haggard with imagined pursuit.

Rodin, so great is his following to-day, will ensure the success of the mad poet. A few years ago, his pencil lent no value to other men's pens, and one illustration, published in a book of short stories, did naught for the fame of the author. But, on its account, that book should take its place with those others that are treasured on account of frontispieces or covers bearing great names—with Mallarmé's "Prose et Vers," and the Whistler lithograph therein; with Mr. Le Gallienne's essays, prefaced by a brilliant black-and-white

Wilson Steer; with the volume of Henley songs, set to music by Mr. Francis Korbay and covered by Mr. Sargent's design of swinging hammers and smitten anvils, full of the suggestion of the strong rhythm of verse and tune; and with Mr. Conder's "Balzac."

Good book-illustrations are those now on view in the Russian section of the London Salon at the Albert Hall. There Ivan Bilibine and Nicholas Roerich know another order of princes and fairies and monsters from the familiars of the English child. Tolstoy's nursery heroes were not Queen Victoria's. And

yet there is some family likeness between the fairies of all nations. The mature mind, even the mature Hindoo mind, as is shown in an article in the current number of the *Studio*, reaches very much the same conclusions as to the needs of the child all the world over. Even Mr. Rackham is hard put to it to make a twentieth-century race of gnomes who have no pictorial pedigree; just as Stevenson, when he devised a whole book of new nursery rhymes, chanced upon an all unsought likeness to Herrick.

A guess at the age of the hands that send articles to magazines might make for country-house parties during the autumn at least as reasonable a guessing game as that of deciding the owners of bare feet exposed when the rest of the figure is hidden behind a sheet. The writer who in the current number of the *Edinburgh Review* credits Herbert Spencer with a strong faculty of association by similarity, and a weak faculty of association by contiguity (phrases of eighteenth-century psychology) must surely be a very old hand. The article, a dull one in any case, is found very antiquated in more particulars than one. The man who will make Herbert Spencer a living personality for succeeding generations has yet not made himself known. Herbert Spencer, in his lengthy Autobiography, has left notes for such a silhouette, and, whether it be cut in white paper or in black, the scissors that will perform the feat ought shortly to be forthcoming.

M. E.



THROUGH THE GREEN.

[DRAWN BY HOPE READ.]

OLD GOLF PROFESSIONAL: Na, ye'll no mak' a gowffer—ye've begun ower late and ye've ower muckle pottie; but it's juist possible if ye pr-practice harrd, verra harrd, for twa-three years ye micht—

JONES (expectantly): Yes?

PROFESSIONAL: Ye micht begin to hae a glimmer that ye'll never ken the r-rudiments o' the game.

MINDING HIS OWN BUZZINESS.



MRS. BLUEBOTTLE: Help! Help! Little Willie's got his fingers caught in a wrinkle. What shall we do?  
MR. BLUEBOTTLE: Why, buzz the old man into a sneeze.

DRAWN BY PHILIP BAYNES.



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

### THE DANGER OF THE GAME.

By CHARLES EDWARDES.

AT thirty-three Wilmot Greenley had seen little of the world, but he had formed definite opinions about his own needs; and of these the overwhelming chief was the auburn-haired, opal-eyed girl who sat opposite to him in the Café de Paris of smiling Florence's Via Tornabuoni.

He detested his environment. About fifty men were in the place, many of them officers in King Victor's army, nearly all elaborately dressed and barbered; and, with few exceptions, their eyes were concentrated upon Gwendoline Fermayne. She was thoroughly in her element, but he not at all.

With something like challenging laughter on her lips she had suggested the Café de Paris for an ice, and he had hoped that that "little Bonaterra cub" would not be there.

But he was.

He was the first of five or six who swept their hats from their heads in Gwendoline's honour. They were much alike, these five or six hot-blooded descendants of the young sprigs of nobility of the time of Machiavelli and the Borgias, samples of whom may be seen in the Pitti Gallery and elsewhere. "A pack of plotting little devils!" Greenley had termed them to himself.

Gwendoline's progress to a table in the window bay was regal, and there she insisted on a brief argument with the waiter about the kind of ice to consume. Her voice was music itself, and she raised it purposely, with little gestures, such as American girls learn in Paris in a week. And she decided last, as first, upon a strawberry-ice.

"Strawberry-ices for two, Mr. Greenley?" she said, lifting her dainty eyebrows.

"I think I would rather have some coffee," said Greenley.

"Coffee? My dear Mr. Greenley!" she protested. "Why, it will make you hotter than ever! You look suffocating already. Oh, please have a strawberry-ice."

It was all acting. She was relishing her triumph. She was the only lady at that moment in the café, the only person of interest on the stage. And she was parading a victim before these others, any of whom would have been delighted to change places with Greenley—for a time.

While she used her spoon Gwendoline turned and smiled at Count Angelo. And then she asked Greenley to do her a favour.

"I know you will," she added, rallying him with all her charms. "Lend me your memorandum-book."

"And now your pencil, Mr. Greenley. How invaluable you are! Mamma said so this morning. 'Mr. Greenley is perfectly invaluable; we shouldn't be any good here without him,' she said. 'Women do seem sort of lost in the South of Europe, without a man to lean on.'"

Greenley managed to smile.

"I'd be sort of lost without you," he said, "so the situation's squared."

She murmured "Yes."

And then she wrote.

She signed the initial "G" with a flourish, folded the paper, and pushed it towards him.

"You promised, remember, Mr. Greenley," she said, "and English gentlemen always keep their promises. That's what I find so delicious; and so does mamma. Please give that to Count Bonaterra for me, Mr. Greenley."

A tense moment or two followed. Only Greenley's eyes proclaimed his fury.

"May I inquire what it is about?" he then asked, quite steadily.

"No, my dear Mr. Greenley, you may not. The idea of such a thing! Well—not until you have done it."

"You will tell me after?"

She made a Franco-American *moue* of astonishing grace.

"Perhaps."

"You will?" he insisted.

"No," she said, "I will not. Nor will I permit you to address me like that. You are nothing to me, Mr. Greenley. I mean to say, you have no right to speak like that."

She fluttered a white hand, heavily jewelled, and a waiter rushed to her. Him she commissioned with the note. After which she sat back and touched her hair.

"I think I'll have another ice," she whispered softly; "won't you?"

"Just half a minute," said Greenley.

An appearance of anxiety came to her.

"How—absurd you are!" she declared, with a falsetto laugh.

But Greenley had seen enough. That sallow young man with

the eyes of an unscrupulous conspirator had read Gwendoline Fermayne's communication.

"His Excellency," then murmured the waiter in her ear, "bids me say, 'With much pleasure.'"

She nodded, rose, and drew her splendours around her.

"Come, Mr. Greenley," she said: "mamma says I eat too many ices, and I think it's possible. Please pay him and take me away."

Greenley paid like a "Milord." The waiter's profound bow acknowledged his generosity with Southern exuberance.

Gwendoline waved her sunshade for a carriage, and mounted with an alacrity that was not altogether worthy of the rest of her graces.

"Of course you must come, Mr. Greenley," she exclaimed, when he was shutting her up. "What *would* mamma say? And, *amico*, to the river first, for *passatempo*, you understand?"

This to the driver, whom she nudged in the ribs with her sunshade's point. The driver took off his hat to her beauty, and smiled from ear to ear. He understood completely. His, "Yes, beautiful lady," was perhaps an impertinence; but then, so was her rib-tickling.

No words were exchanged for about three minutes.

"I suppose," then said Greenley, "you have been just playing with me?"

The gaze with which she met so insulting a question!

"Mr.—Wilmot Greenley!" she gasped, so shocked. "What *do* you mean?"

"What did you write to that fellow? You know his reputation."

"Oh, figs! I daresay he isn't half so bad as they say. Mamma says he would be ideal if he had poison in one pocket and a stiletto in the other."

Greenley gazed earnestly at her.

What a child she was, in spite of her audacity. Or rather, she was so monstrously indiscreet because she was a child, with an injudicious mother—a spoilt child, greedy for sensation. Yet she could hurt and inflame men like no child.

Her hand touched his, and she laughed close to his cheek.

"Don't be so pathetic!" she implored. "Please don't. It doesn't suit you the least bit; and don't squeeze my hand so hard. It's my own—altogether my own little only own—at present. There, that's so much nicer. When you smile you're real handsome. Oh, Mr. Greenley, why aren't you a duke, or at least the eldest son of an earl?"

He kissed her hand as if he had been born and bred in the South, and he laughed when she snatched her fingers from him and asked him how he dared. She looked fierce. Yet immediately afterwards she nestled down to a soft gush of sly laughter, very different from his own.

"My!" she said. "What would they say at home if they could see how I'm behaving?"

And then Greenley told her what she was to him. "I love you, Gwen, and I will have you," he said. "I'll give you the best of times, and worship you for ever. If you want a title I'll work for it night and day. Duke, I think you said. Well, even that may come, only you'll have to wait awhile. If you're a duchess before you're fifty—will that content you?"

She seemed fascinated until he stopped. Then she poked the driver again.

"Grand Hotel, *pronto, pronto*," she said; and with an oblique smirk for them both the man turned his horse.

"It's so sweet of you," she whispered, with downcast eyes.

"Well, give me *something* to build on," he urged, with his hands out.

"I like you very much," she said. "Why, of course I do. Should I let you take me about like this, and pay for me everywhere, if I didn't? You see, you're the first English gentleman we've been much friends with. Why doesn't he whip his horse?"

She flung some sharp words at the driver, and the whip descended. It was a poor old horse—Greenley had noticed that in the Via Tornabuoni; it was cruelty to require it to do more than walk.

But the hotel was quite near, and before Greenley had found anything more to say she hailed the house. And then his hand gripped hers.

"Tell me this," he said huskily. "You didn't give that young scoundrel an—appointment?"

"Yes, I did," she answered, with a fire-flash in her baleful young eyes. "It's none of your business, Mr. Greenley. And I'll tell you this too—for I'm tired of your proprietary airs. I'll marry Angelo de Bonaterra, if I think fit. So there!"

(Continued overleaf.)



# A CHANGE FROM THE ETERNAL PASTEBOARD: PICTORIAL VISITING-CARDS FOR OPULENT NATURES.



## THE STYLE OF VISITING-CARD SOME GERMANS MAY ADOPT: PRIZE DESIGNS FOR ROYAL CARDS.

It is likely that pictorial visiting-cards will become the rage in a certain section of German society. As a German writer says: "There are more opulent natures to whom sufficiency is not afforded by text alone, and a morsel of Heraldry, and what is called 'just ornament.' They require more. They will have pictures at all costs. Well and good. But these pictures must stand in some relation to the bearer or the owner of the cards. A stag pursued by dogs the ornamental border of a forester's card. Agreed!" The visiting-cards illustrated are characteristic examples from some two thousand sent in for competition for the prizes offered by the German Crown Princess and Princess Johann Georg of Saxony, through the Royal Academy of Graphic Arts and Book Industry and the German Book Industries Association. Cards Nos. 2 and 4 on our page gained first prizes; Card No. 6 won a third prize; and Cards Nos. 1, 3, and 5 won fourth prizes.

She jumped from the vehicle and stepped for the portico like a fragrant young feminine something from Olympus. She passed, smiling, between the respectful servants of the hotel, and slipped into the lift.

Greenley stood and breathed fast while she was in sight. Then he prepared to pay the smirking driver. But he got into the carriage again instead.

"Via Tornabuoni," he said.

He lit a cigarette, signified that there was no need now to whip the horse, gave the man five lire, and re-entered the café.

He found the Count apparently telling the others a funny story. He and the others were smiling until Greenley approached.

Greenley saluted them with marked stiffness. "I believe you speak English, Count Bonaterra?" he said.

"Oh, yes, a little," replied the Count. His eyes gleamed, and Greenley realised that he was no coward.

"Then I want to say something, in private," Greenley continued.

"Something to me—in private! But these gentlemen are my friends."

"Very good," said Greenley. He sat down between a captain of bersaglieri and a man in a grey frock-coat.

"I think," he began, "you made Miss Fermayne's acquaintance by bribing the hotel porter to convey notes to her?"

"Quite correct."

"In the second letter, you told her you adored her."

"Pardon me, but what has this to do with you?"

"We're coming to it. I understand you and Miss Fermayne have never spoken to each other?"

The Count smiled. "Ah!" he said. "That is my great misfortune. Well?"

"Well," said Greenley, still controlling himself, "if you keep the appointment Miss Fermayne has so thoughtlessly given you, I shall be under the painful necessity of thrashing you."

That moved the Count and his friends.

"You thrash me?" said the Count, with a sparkling glance at the others. "This becomes interesting. What is it like—to be thrashed? I don't think I take a beating from you. Eh, Nero?"

Nero was the officer of bersaglieri, a mischievous-looking fellow, who wore his feathers rakishly.

"I wouldn't thrash him," he said to Greenley. "Let him have his fun. In London it is the same game, but with different rules. Ecco! that's all the difference there is in the civilisations—different rules."

Greenley looked from one gibing face to another.

Suddenly he saw an expression in Count Angelo's eyes which threw him off his balance. It was an assurance that the Count and Gwendoline had already met. He caught the Count by the ear, and hauled him from his seat.

"You liar!" he cried.

And then the pretty scene was broken. The captain of bersaglieri knocked up his arm.

A babel of voices broke forth. Greenley felt a hand on his shoulder, and someone said, "I'm afraid you're in a mess, but I'm on your side." He looked round at a stiffly built man in Scottish tweeds.

The Count had lost his earlier composure. His outraged ear was as red as a rose. His eyes shot lightning, and his teeth were like a snarling dog's.

The Captain took charge of the situation.

"There has got to be something done about this, you know," he said to Greenley. "Come into the private cabinet, will you?"

He nodded at an inner door, became merry for a moment or two with a comrade, then drew Bonaterra's arm into his and led him away.

"I'm with you," said Greenley's friend. "I know the ropes. Perhaps you don't. My name's Minton. I'm working some Government concessions in Calabria. He's a young demon—that Angelo Bonaterra."

There were five of them in the private room when the door was shut.

"You won't apologise, I presume?" suggested Mr. Minton.

"It isn't likely," said Greenley.

"And will fight?"

"Of course. It's very good of you to back me. Here is my card, and whatever you settle—"

"Right," said Mr. Minton. "Right you are, Mr. Greenley."

The discussion was in Italian. Greenley sat apart and didn't care what happened. Neither, it seemed, did the Count. A sardonic smile had succeeded his scowls. He strutted about, now interposing a word, and now glancing at Greenley.

Presently Mr. Minton returned to Greenley.

"The sooner the better, eh?" he asked. "There's an empty villa Fiesole way, with a good lawn. Now about weapons—what do you choose? I hope you can fence, but if not—"

"I can't," said Greenley. "It must be the other things. There would be most satisfaction for me in naked fists; but that wouldn't be fair to him, I suppose."

"No, it wouldn't do," said Mr. Minton. "It's a pity, but it must be pistols. Six o'clock suit you?"

"To-day?"

"Why, yes. It'll be all over the city by dinner time."

"I see. Then the sooner the better, as you say."

A few more words passed, and then the two Englishmen left the café. Mr. Minton was wholly at Greenley's service until six o'clock. They drove together to the Grand Hotel. Greenley had a couple of letters to write. He had meant to write three—the third for Gwendoline, in case— But reflection made him change his mind and decide on two only—the one to his mother, and the other to his solicitor. Mr. Minton had ventured a comment on Miss Fermayne, the truth of which was as chilling as an iceberg. Standing now on the borderland of life and death, Greenley knew that Mr. Minton was right. She was heartless—vain and heartless. Only beautiful. There was nothing in such an extremity to write to her.

And then they drove to the Villa Emilia—a perfect spot either for a duel or a honeymoon.

"I'm afraid it's a silly business," said Greenley.

"Yes," said Mr. Minton, "because it's about a woman. Taking him by the ear like that in public—he'll feel it a long time."

"Perhaps not," said Greenley. "No, I don't think he'll feel that trouble very long."

Mr. Minton looked sharply at him. "Ah, well!" he said.

Birds were calling in the garden, water splashed in a fountain, and the sweetness of roses and orange-blossoms was almost excessive. A statue showed through the trees, and then another. And then the avenue turned and a very green lawn was before them, with a pinkish, frayed old villa beyond.

The others were there. Nero Bassi was looking at a pistol, and Angelo Bonaterra was talking to a cockatoo, perched on his finger. At sight of the Englishman, the Count tossed the bird away and peeled off his coat.

It was a quick, dreamy sequel for Greenley.

Bonaterra was in a hurry. For the matter of that, so was everyone, Greenley included; but for him there was a mist of unreality over the whole scene and its previous incidents.

With the pistol in his hand, he caught himself smiling. He was thinking of his proposal to Gwendoline in the carriage. She seemed very remote now. He understood, moreover, that she always had been, and always would be, whatever happened to him.

And here he was, bent on shooting this Italian for her sake! Why, in the name of all that was incongruous?

Of the two, the girl was the worst. The Count was what he was by deliberate intention, by inherited instincts, and—well he lived like his world. But Gwendoline had no such excuse. Dowered with the best gift Nature can give a woman, she had used it as a poison. Merely experimentally, for her own pleasure, she had poisoned him—and, no doubt, others. As Minton had said, she wasn't worth powder and shot. Nevertheless—

"I suppose it's too late for any accommodation," suggested Mr. Minton finally.

"Surely," said Greenley, and he shook hands.

"Good luck to you, with all my heart!" said Mr. Minton.

"Thank you," said Greenley. "And, by the way, if I'm clean bowled, you might see her! And tell her—to play fair with our sex in future. That's all."

"I'll tell her," said Mr. Minton. "The deuce take her, and those like her!"

The two men stood up to each other. Nero Bassi gave the signal, and their shots rang out simultaneously. Also, they fell simultaneously.

There was nothing to be done with the Count.

The fifth man, a doctor, just looked at the mark on his forehead, whispered "*Povero!*" and then joined the others in time for Greenley's last words.

"Tell her *that!*"

It remained for Mr. Minton to speed back to the city.

He was informed at the hotel that Mrs. and Miss Fermayne were dressing for dinner; but, not to be put off, he scribbled a few lines to Gwendoline.

But even his news did not draw her. The servant brought him a heliotrope letter—

How dreadful! I'm so prostrated that I can't possibly come down. Please excuse me.—G. F.

He stood with the bijou note in his hand for nearly a minute, and then pencilled Greenley's last words on its third page. "He said—'Tell her to play fair with our sex in future,'" and returned it to her.

Perhaps he would have liked to hear Gwendoline's mamma's remarks when both the ladies had sufficiently digested the news and his echo of Greenley's message from the edge of the grave. Perhaps not.

They were exceedingly upset. It was only later that Gwendoline's sprightly young mind caught at a twig of consolation, and she wondered, with bright eyes, if it would get into the papers, and what they would say about her on the other side.

Mrs. Fermayne was at first more mad than anything else.

"You little fool!" she said. "I told you you don't understand men a bit—not as they are in Europe. You little fool, to get us into such a horrible row! It serves you right."

Gwendoline said nothing. She shed some tears, of course, without effort, until, later, she thought of the journals.

And, anyhow, she had learned something *now* about European men of two nations.

THE END.

PHOTOGRAPHY, NEW STYLE: MR. LAWSON WOOD'S LITTLE JOKE  
AT OUR EXPENSE.



"TO THE EDITOR, 'THE SKETCH.'

"DEAR SIR,—Having noticed your 'new style' photographs in 'The Sketch,' it struck me you might like to include in the series one of my own efforts. Having quite recently taken up photography, I made a couple of 'snaps' the other day—one at a fishmonger's shop, and the other at a chemist's. By some fault of the camera I failed to change the plate, the result being, as you can see, a 'new style' of shop.—Yours faithfully,

LAWSON WOOD."



## BOGEY'S MASHIE — TO SAY NOTHING OF THE SPOON.



There's no such gold & no such pearl  
As a bright & beautiful English girl ! "

W. S. GILBERT



RIGHT TO A TEE.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

MANY of the "peppercorn" rents have been falling due, and the papers have told us of the due liquidation of all liabilities. It is time, then, for the Duke of Northumberland to have his annual fight, if hardy annual it has become. One of his Alnwick tenants is a bootmaker with opinions of his own. He refuses, therefore, to pay the thirteen-pence per annum quit-rent due from him to the Duke. To him it appears an intolerable relic of feudalism. The Duke does not care much about the money, but he is a stickler for custom, so yearly he sends to the bootmaker's and sells up thirteen-penny-worth of that passive resister's stock. In his private home-life his Grace maintains as much as possible of the old Alnwick traditions, observing, however, that which makes for comfort as well as for the picturesque. In this he follows his father, the late Duke, who spent a fortune upon beautifying the interior of the Castle. Of course, the antiquaries bemoaned the innovations. "But, my dear Sir," retorted the Duke, "would you have my family sit on benches on a floor strewn with rushes?"

*Julia.* Great is Julia, although she is believed to be no relation to Mr. W. T. Stead's famous spirit friend and counsellor. For, to confess the truth, this latest of all Julias is a mule, and Mr. Bryan, the Democratic candidate for the American Presidency, has accepted her as a mascot. As the tiger is the totem of Tammany Hall, and the sagacious

elephant that of the Republican party, so has the donkey been hitherto the zoological symbol of the Democratic party. Apparently it is now thought well to improve the harmless, necessary ass into a mule, which, to use the elegant language of the donors, the directors of the Minnesota State Fair, is "warranted to kick the stuffing out of the Republican elephant." Let Mr. Roosevelt's Teddy-bear look to it: he might try hugging tactics with Julia.



A PAINTER SHELTERED BY THE NEW UMBRELLA.

*Methuselah—  
Aged Twelve  
Months.*

The Countess of Shaftesbury, to whom congratulations will presently be due on her birthday, has a very youthful-looking stepfather in Mr. George Wyndham. So, of course, have her brother, the Duke of Westminster, and their sister, Countess Beauchamp, the charming wife of the nobleman to whom an American, upon hearing his name, hazarded the remark—"Guess you made your money out of your pills." That by the way. Lady Shaftesbury has a royal kinswoman in the Duchess of Teck, and a royal nature of her own, which Queen Victoria prettily recognised by conferring upon her as a birthday present the precedence of a duke's daughter. Among her husband's tenants in Dorsetshire she is almost worshipped as a tenderly sympathetic but discriminating Lady Bountiful. It was one of her rural beneficiaries who set up the quaintly inscribed tombstone, "Sacred to the memory of Methuselah—aged twelve months."



BOTH HANDS FREE: A CYCLIST WEARING THE NEW UMBRELLA.



BOTH HANDS FREE: A HARVESTER WEARING THE NEW UMBRELLA.

CARRY YOUR OWN ROOF WITH YOU! THE GABLE UMBRELLA.

The umbrella—which can be used, of course, to protect its owner from sun as well as rain—is the invention of a former officer in the Austrian artillery. The invention is known officially as the Gable Umbrella, is worn on the shoulders, and weighs between 10 and 12 ounces.

Photographs by Dannenberg.



TWO DONCASTER RACES—BAYARDO AND SUNFLOWER II.—MR. GUNTER.

THERE will be two great races at Doncaster this year, and it would not surprise me in the least to find the Doncaster Cup quite overshadow the St. Leger. The latter race will be contested by a lot of horses which, with the exception of Your Majesty, are

consistent only in their inconsistency. It is a curious fact that those animals that are now regarded as having the best chances for the St. Leger were never mentioned in the early part of the year, and had they been, the man who mentioned them would have evoked but a pitying smile. The likely contestants for the Doncaster Cup form a much more pleasurable topic, including as they do the White Knight, Radium, and Torpoint. The first-named has yet to win a Doncaster Cup. He has won all the other important cups, and I suppose Colonel Kirkwood and Mr. Wyndham, his joint owners, will make a supreme effort to win that at Doncaster. This will be the White Knight's last chance,

Rous Stakes, his last book engagement of the season. Presumably, Mr. Joel did not think much of his Sundridge colt when it was a yearling, for his name is missing from the three-year-old classics, in which, luckily, Bayardo's name figures. Seldom a year passes but one of our best three-year-olds is not entered for the Derby, and next year may be no exception if Sunflower II. prove to be what he is believed to be. Bayardo can meet the King's smart filly, Princesse de Galles, at Doncaster, but it is hardly thought that she is in quite the same class, although she is undeniably smart.

Amateur riders have not made a very big mark on the racing records these last few years, with the exception of Mr. George Thursby, who is quite in a class by himself. Riding on even terms with jockeys—that is to say, without the allowance that other amateurs claim—he often beats the professionals fairly and squarely. There is a hard-working, painstaking amateur, however, who may one day be up to Mr. Thursby's standard. I refer to Mr. Gunter, whose enthusiasm for race-riding is whole-hearted. He puts in a lot of practice, his mentor being Mr. M. Harper, who was a brilliant amateur rider at one time. Mr. Gunter rides well over fences and hurdles, but some of his best efforts have been on the flat this season. His win on King's Proctor at Goodwood was a particularly happy effort, in which he vanquished some good jockeys. Mr. Gunter is a tall man, and is so keen on a mount that he does not mind going through the rigours of sweating to get off weight. On one occasion last

winter, he got off no less than 12 lb. in twenty-four hours. This triumph over avoirdupois was complete, but, alas! the horse he rode was not good enough to supplement the victory. Mr. Gunter trains his jumpers and flat-racers at Wetherby, Yorkshire. CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



A 'BUS-DRIVER WHO HOLDS JUMPING RECORDS THAT HAVE NEVER BEEN BEATEN: "OLD BILLY PRIESTLEY."

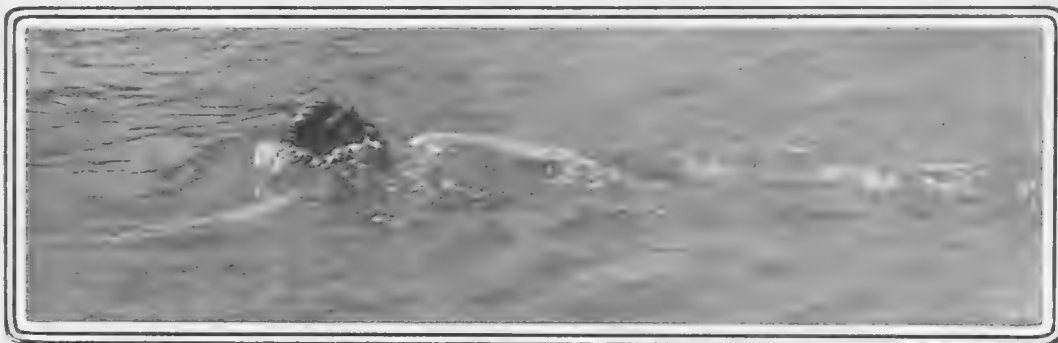
"Old Billy Priestley," who, at the age of seventy-three, is still driving a 'bus from the Old Kent Road to Southgate, is the holder of a number of jumping records, which, it is said, have never been beaten. On one occasion he took a thousand hurdles in an hour and a quarter; on another, five hundred hurdles; on another, a thousand hurdles, each three and a half feet high, and set ten yards apart. The latter feat he accomplished in sixty-one and a half minutes.

Photograph by White.

for he is to go to the stud next season. There will be no Velocity in the field this year, but Radium and Torpoint will form formidable opposition. I have

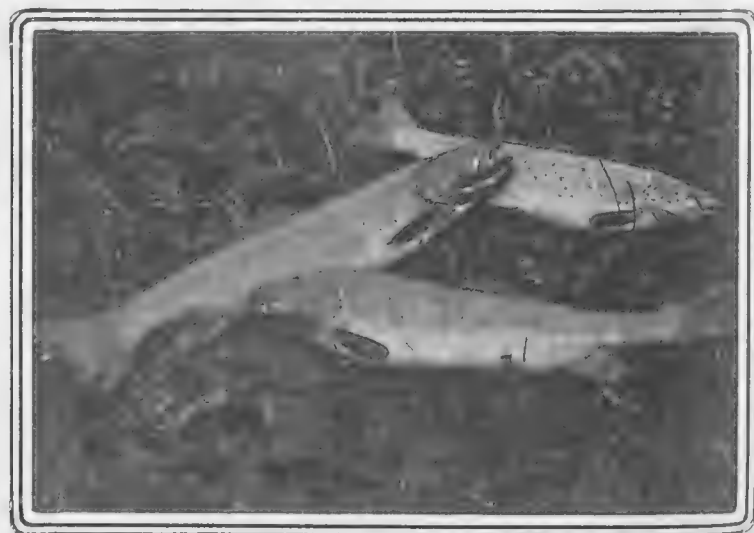
always been of opinion that with strong pacemakers the White Knight would have won all the cups for which he has been started. Last season's experience taught the trainer of the horse this lesson, and accordingly Peace with Honour was successfully employed at Ascot and Nairobi at Epsom. The first-named pacemaker broke down at Goodwood, but before that he could not go fast enough, and The White Knight failed. At Doncaster he will not have to give away weight, and I shall be surprised if he does not win the cup on the Town Moor at the third attempt—that is, providing adequate pacemaking is afforded. Whatever the result, the race for the Goodwood Cup showed us quite enough to anticipate a great fight next month.

Half the racing season over, one is left with the fixed idea that Mr. Fairie's Bayardo, by Bay Ronald—Galicia, is supreme in the two-year-old class. But I have heard one or two very keen observers of races express the opinion that Mr. J. B. Joel's Sunflower II., by Sundridge—Little Primrose, is as good and perhaps better, in spite of the fact that at Ascot, in the Coventry Stakes, Bayardo beat Sunflower II. by nearly two lengths. On that occasion those connected with Sunflower II. were amazed to see their colt beaten, and I believe it is a fact that something happened in the race. The next time the colt ran, at Goodwood, he made a great impression, not only by the way he won, but by his magnificent appearance. Unfortunately, there is little or no chance of the two animals meeting again. Sunflower II. is entered this year in a couple of races at York, and one at Doncaster. Bayardo is also engaged at Doncaster, but it happens to be in the Champagne Stakes, whereas Sunflower II. is nominated for the



BEAUTY UNDER DIFFICULTIES: MISS LILY SMITH ATTEMPTING HER SWIM FROM DOVER TO RAMSGATE.

At the end of six hours Miss Smith was still two miles westward of Ramsgate, and the tide had begun to ebb. Therefore, as there seemed no possibility of her reaching Ramsgate, the swimmer decided to complete the twenty-mile swim she had set herself by turning and going in the direction of Deal. She covered about twenty miles in seven hours.—[Photograph by Topical.]



A RECORD BASKET OF BROWN TROUT CAUGHT WITH FLY—TOTAL WEIGHT OF THE THREE FISH, THIRTEEN POUNDS.

The trout were caught with fly the other day by Mr. H. M. Matheson, fishing on Loch Achanault. The fish weigh 3½ lb., 4 lb., and 5½ lb. Mr. Matheson says, "Only once before, and that was twenty years ago, in Sutherlandshire, have I caught one brown trout weighing 5 lb. with fly; but I have never met a man who with the same lure caught three brown trout in one day weighing 13 lb."—[Photograph by Maxwell.]



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By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**Castles—and Journeys—in Spain.**

This is the time of year when many imaginative people take a journey to their Castle in Spain. Indeed, the editor who has to stick to his desk, the captain who dare not leave his bridge, must perforce be content with these shadowy châteaux. Beyond the Pyrenees of gross materiality we most of us at some time or another have caught a glimpse of the Palaces of the Ideal rising to the eternal summer of the make-believe. Nor are these mental voyages to be condemned with a laugh and a sneer. I have known some which have been more stimulating than a journey across Europe in a stifling train. At your Castle in Spain the beloved guest is always awaiting you, the roses are always blooming, the wine is always purple in the cup, whereas, in real life, everyone knows that journeys do not end in lovers' meeting, because one or another of them is certain to lose their connection at Basle. There is, moreover, no fatigue, no hunger, no dirt, no disappointment on your journey to your Castle in Spain. You can go thither by motor—at ten or fifty miles an hour, as you choose—by train, by yacht, or by pack-mule; and, by the way, you need have none but delightful adventures. There is only one drawback, indeed, to this form of summer travel, and that is that you must have made the journey once before. If you have only touched the stars but a single instant, you have the freedom of the road, the plan of the route, the key of the castle, and no one, however powerful and however pompous, can ever take them away.

**Girl Clerks and Boy's Clothes.**

The American woman is usually as successful as she is pertinacious, and if she elects to put on masculine attire (as she has recently petitioned the President to be allowed to do), she will probably carry the project into effect. The most recent desire "to wear the breeches" arises from a conviction that it is more easy for a man to find work than a woman in the United States. One would have thought that the contrary was the case, so vast is the army of girl-clerks, stenographers, typists, cashiers, accountants, and what not over there. The Wall Street magnate, the Washington politician, the New York editor has his feminine secretaries as a matter of course, and it would seem as if, very soon, all clerical work in the Republic of the West would be in the hands of young and lovely maidens. Possibly it would be less distracting for their employers if, during office hours, they were all dressed as boys.

**Woman and Art.**

Mr. Claude Phillips—and there is no more fastidious or discerning critic—is entirely hopeful about the future of Woman in Art. Alike in France and in England, he sees her expressing herself in the grand manner, throwing off the shackles of an insipid

conventionality, attempting to find her true self both in sculpture, design, and painting. Up to now, on the other side of the Channel the *femmes-peintres* have, as he truly says, exhibited on their canvases a "spirit of grim, ugly rebellion," while in this island they were content with subjects which were either "sentimental," "rose-coloured," or "timidly elegant." But in the younger women artists none of these retrograde tendencies are visible, and if our most erudite experts are optimistic about the future of feminine art we may well take heart of grace. In the eighteenth century it was a marvel—indeed, almost a scandal—for a girl to write a book. In the nineteenth century it was held to be almost as astonishing for a young woman to be able to paint a picture, especially if the subject happened to be associated with war or horses—indeed, it was "not quite nice" for a lady to depict any animal more formidable than a cat and her kittens. In the twentieth century not only has Woman been accorded a prominent niche in the temple of fame, but most of the audaciously rebellious novels are written by prudent spinsters. It is to be hoped that the next generation will see Woman taking a triumphant place among the Immortals of painting and sculpture.

**That Frenchman Again!**

In spite of the Entente Cordiale and the amenities of the Exhibition, even the most enlightened Frenchmen continue to write about us in the most extraordinary fashion. The latest sinner is no less a personage than M. Marcel Prévost, who justly considers himself something of an authority, not only on Frenchwomen, but on Germans and English. It seems that our Parisian contemporary, *Femina*, inspired by American and English enterprise, recently tried to start a newspaper beauty competition, and that the photographs sent in were not up to the required standard. Thereupon the editor bethought him of asking three well-known *femmes du monde* to allow their portraits to appear as the arch-types of Gallic beauty, and these ladies very naturally and promptly refused. But now mark M. Prévost. The reason, he declares, that the Americans and English can have a successful beauty contest is that the most exquisite leaders of Society send in their portraits to be printed in the papers and balloted for by all and sundry! On which the author of "Lettres de Femmes"

proceeds to assure his countrywomen that they are the only feminine persons left in an over-civilised age who still possess good taste, discretion, and modesty. I like to think of all the shy loveliness of Legitimist France hiding, like the proverbial violet, and contrast them with those shameless female members of the Peerage of the United Kingdom who clamour to have their photographs inserted among the "beauties" in a newspaper contest in London or Chicago.



[Copyright.]

A GOWN IN CREAM-COLOURED AND SEPIA-STRIPED LINEN.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)



## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

UNTIL Saturday, Cowes Regatta week claimed the attention of the women who are usually about town. This week, masses of people are moving North. Cowes showed a great deal that was characteristic about dress, but nothing that was novel. Time was when women at the marine regatta wore serge dresses embroidered with gold anchors and coils of rope and other nautical symbols. Now the signs of the yachting tastes of women "sailors" are confined to burgees on hat-bands and to Squadron buttons on coats. Linen for hot days, serge for cool, are the watchwords as to material for yachtswomen. The shore-keeping community, a large one during the week, wear tussore, shantung, chiffon, and foulard, and motor in to tea in the Squadron gardens, but the yachting population is one by itself as regards dress. The week is over, but there is always a large number of people at Cowes for this month, and they are people interested in yachts.



THE RAGGED SCHOOL UNION'S OWN KNIGHT: SIR JOHN KIRK MAKING A SPEECH AT THE FRESH AIR FUND OUTING.

Photograph by Topical.

There were lots of very pretty women to look at last week, both afloat and ashore. The Queen was afloat for the most part—she seldom lands during regatta week, and if so, it is at the East Cowes private landing-stage. The King is not nearly so often in the Squadron gardens as he used to be, preferring to see his friends on the spacious *Victoria and Albert*. He was at the Royal Squadron dinner last week with the Prince of Wales, but left directly dinner was over, and returned to the royal yacht. The Queen most thoroughly enjoys Cowes week, when she can be

quiet amid a scene of great interest. Her Majesty loves to go cruising on the *Britannia*, and to see the starts and finishes for the big prizes. She is deeply interested in yacht-racing, and watches every event, frequently taking photographs. While other people go ashore to shop, the Queen sends orders to tradespeople to go out to the yacht to wait on her. Shopping at Cowes is chiefly concerned with yachting or motoring clothes or ornaments. One morning paper announced that the Princess of Wales was staying at Bembridge with Mr. and Lady Juliet Duff. It was, of course, only a printer's error for the Princess of Pless, who was with Lady Juliet Duff, and two of the handsomest of Cowes' handsome visitors they were. The Duchess of Westminster was another. The Countess of Albemarle was there. She is an experienced and a clever yachtswoman, quite capable of sailing her own boat. The Marchioness of Londonderry was the guest of Viscount Iveagh, whose pretty, blue-eyed, fair-haired daughter-in-law, Lady Evelyn Guinness, played hostess for him, as Lady Iveagh was staying over at Bembridge for a rest.

On "Woman's Ways" page will be seen an illustration of one of the linen gowns that have gained for themselves such great favour. It is in cream coloured and sepia-striped linen, and is trimmed with earth-brown linen having a white line in it. The revers and simulated buttons and buttonholes are all of the darker material, and the square chemisette is of picked and embroidered white muslin.

The Earl of Clarendon managed to get himself married as quietly as he could wish. There appeared a paragraph in a morning paper to the effect that he was to be married in the autumn, and, lo! the very next day he is married in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, by permission of the King, whose Lord Chamberlain the bridegroom was during the first four years of his reign. A hard task it was for Lord Clarendon, as the new Courts had to be substituted for the old Drawing-Rooms, altering the whole system of presentation to their Majesties. To him fell the arrangements for the first State visits and galas of the reign. Always he proved most courteous, and made many friends. The new Countess of Clarendon was the widow of one of the great Lord Mayo's younger brothers. Her first husband acted as private secretary to his brother previous to his assassination in the Andaman Island while, as Viceroy of India, he was on a tour of inspection. The new Lady Clarendon has a charming home. The Grove, Watford, where Lord Clarendon lives, is a delightful place, and is really homelike. There are some superb pictures there, and some matchless Gobelin tapestry given by the last Napoleon to Lord Clarendon's father.

The ball at Cowes, under the auspices of the R.Y.S., was quite an event in the little seven days' season of the little yacht port on the Solent. It did not take place in the Castle, where petticoats are not admitted. They are allowed to grace the garden, but not the inside of the house. Miss Cust lent the ball-room of her house, which is almost at the Squadron gates, and admitted of the garden being used for strolling between dances. There were plenty of yachtmen and sailormen to dance, and lots of pretty girls and lovely young married ladies. There is no gainsaying the fact that dancing is the smart amusement of young people this year, and that bridge is relegated to back rooms!

A thing that made the racing at Cowes most interesting and enjoyable was the possession of a pair of Ross prism binoculars. One could watch the boats so easily, as they have the power of a field telescope. A glass of this kind, with large aperture, increasing the light-collecting power, is simply splendid for tourists, as for naval and military officers. No one should start off for a holiday amid fine scenery or interesting objects without these glasses, which add a thousandfold to enjoyment. Telescopes for yachtmen and stalkers are also a necessary part of sporting equipment. Ross's are perfection.

A preparation for leaving London not to be neglected is laying in a supply of the delicious perfume distilled by the Misses Allen Brown from their own violets grown on their farm at Henfield, Sussex. It is the concentrated scent of an English bed, the most delicious olfactory treat in the world. The comfort of it in stuffy railway-carriages, in certain Highland churches, where the peat reek from the clothes of the Highlanders is almost stifling to a Southerner, and for use in hotels and country-houses, where it keeps away gnats, is ever apparent. The soap produced by these clever ladies—English Violet soap it is called—the English Violet Foam, the

motor-lotion and the bath-salts, all scented with this most successful perfume, all made of the best materials and all thoroughly efficacious and delightful to use, are refinements of luxury most keenly appreciated when away in the midst of natural glories.



A WHISTLER OF MUCH MERIT: MR. WILLIAM D'ARCY.

Mr. D'Arcy whistled "Killarney" at a recent concert in the Irish Village at the Franco-British Exhibition, and was specially complimented by Lady Aberdeen. He is well known for his imitations of Irish Court-House scenes, and has whistled to a large audience in the Queen's Hall.



FRESH AIR AND FRESH AIRS FOR FIVE HUNDRED SEXAGENARIANS: GUESTS OF THE FRESH AIR FUND ENJOYING A GRAMOPHONE RECITAL AT LOUGHTON.

Photograph by Topical.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 25.*

## LOOKING ROUND.

THE anomaly of cheap money and cheap Consols remains as an outstanding feature of the markets. Another anomaly lies in the singular fact that, despite the cheap Consols, there is withal a scarcity of floating stock. From this it is fairly evident that bears will "get it hot" when the tide turns. Of which turning there is little present sign.

South Australia is known to be coming to London for three millions of money before long. There are other borrowers in the field, restrained from active publicity by the holidays and the lack of snap in the markets. But there will be plenty of prospectuses next month.

## HOME RAILWAY HOPES.

Taken at their present prices, the "Heavy" Home Railway stocks—North Western, Great Western, Midland, and North Eastern—can be bought to pay rather over  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on the money, on the assumption that the next dividends are no worse than those of the corresponding period last year. That this may be a tolerably tall presumption, the present range of prices shows. Coal will cost less in the current twelvemonth, of course, and the various working agreements between the principal lines ought to result in substantial economies being effected. Whether these favourable factors will counterbalance the falling-off in trade remains to be seen. Certainly, the half-year has started badly enough in most cases, but there is ground for hope that traffics will improve with the fall of the autumn. Minor consolation as this may be, it is the principal ground for optimism in the situation as at present seen.

## CHEAP TRUSTEE STOCKS.

For absolute security, the Irish Land stock is the cheapest stock in the market, because it pays £3 1s. 6d. per cent. upon money invested at to-day's price. This is 4s. per cent. higher yield than Consols give, and the security is, of course, identical. But many trustees demand, and rightly, that they shall get at least  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on their funds. To satisfy these, East India Railway  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Debenture stock at 96 $\frac{1}{2}$ , free of stamp duty, may be suggested. The return works out to £3 12s. 6d. on the money. Cheaper still is Cape of Good Hope  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent, inscribed, which can be bought at 95, to pay £3 13s. 8d. on the investment. Spreading money into further fields, Southern Nigeria  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. at 96, and West Australia  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. at the same price return £3 13s. The former stock has a half-year's interest due in the middle of September. All these are strict trust stocks and innocent of the stamp duty which weighs upon the registered stocks of the British Railway Companies. Trustees nowadays have no excuse for taking less than  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., unless they are confined, under their trust deeds, to Consols, Irish, Transvaal Three Per Cents., or certain railway stocks.

## COPPER SHARES.

To declaim against the rise in Copper shares is about as useful as it would be to quarrel with the weather. Rio Tintos and Anacondas will go whither their manipulators choose to send them, whatever statistics may show with regard to the artificial nature of the movement. Nothing is easier to demonstrate than that copper stands too high, in view of the visible supply of the metal; but, on the other hand, nothing is more dangerous than to go a bear of the shares. We mentioned some few weeks ago that a powerful syndicate had been formed to drive up the price of Rios, and the recent boomlet has occasioned no surprise in well-informed quarters. The syndicate, so far from selling, has made further purchases, of Rio Tintos and of Anacondas as well. How far the buyers intend to advance the prices we make no pretence at prophesying. Happy is the man who knows how to take a good profit when he can.

## THE BROKEN HILL REVIVAL.

With the sharp recovery in the price of copper, other metals have largely sympathised; tin and lead have hardened appreciably. Consequent upon this has come a pronounced rally in the prices of Broken Hill shares, in which movement Broken Hill Souths have played the most prominent part. From 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  the price was run up to 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  with hardly a break, and while the latter level marked high water for a time, the general impression sets a still higher value upon the shares. The revival has loosed fresh talk of the possibility that the principal mines will shortly be able to resume payment of dividends, but this naturally depends upon the prices of the metals. Were copper to descend with a run, as some of the experts declare that it ought to do, the other metals could not fail to decline as well. So in a manner the fortunes of the Broken Hill group are interwoven with the American bosses of Wall Street, who control Amalgamated Copper and other Yankee Trusts. The exercise of more patience, it seems to us, will repay the holder of Broken Hill shares who is in two minds as to whether he should sell on the rise or keep them for better prices.

## ASSEGAI.

Strong people mean to have the Kaffir Circus better. Unless they tire, there will be the sound of further revival in that market before the month is out.

East Rands pay about 12 per cent. on the money. To put £500 into the shares, to take £30 a year as dividend and use the other £30 in the purchase of Consols, or the like, by way of sinking-fund, would be good business.

\* \* \* \* \*

The four East Rand subsidiaries are making splendid progress. It is to be hoped that the amalgamated concern will be allowed to show what it can do, without the introduction of other less-trying properties.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sell Chartered. On their merits.

\* \* \* \* \*

As good speculative purchases, take Wit Deep, and then Ginsberg. To pay for, we mean. Carrying over is a fool's game. It so often leads to a holder selling at the bottom price, in disgust at his hopes not being fulfilled quickly enough.

\* \* \* \* \*

Whoever else may believe in the permanence of Kaffir strength, it may be truthfully asserted that the market doesn't. Hopes have been too often dashed to the ground for much confidence to prevail in reference to the latest movement.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nevertheless, August is an excellent month for galvanising Kaffirs. So many big people are away that a handful of the remainder can make a boomlet without being terrified of the others selling bears.

\* \* \* \* \*

The rise in Brakpan shares has gone as far as present developments on the property justify. It does not necessarily follow, however, that the advance will stop. On fancy, we would rather have Apex than Brakpans.

*Saturday, August 8, 1908.*

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.*

*Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.*

YORK.—(1) We think you will get Canadas cheaper by waiting. (2) Should sell Furness Withy shares, and put the money into a good Argentine or Chinese Government Bond. (3) Drury Lane shares generally move up a little on the autumn drama and the Christmas pantomime. We think you would not hurt by averaging.

QUIEN SABE.—Buenos Ayres and Pacific Ordinary stock is likely to recede when details of the new issue are announced; but an ultimate recovery, while traffics remain so good, is quite as likely to occur.

X. Y. Z.—The motor shares are, in our opinion, very speculative; we have a strong objection to them, even as a speculative investment.

C. O. R.—Yes; people are sick of the delay in the starting of the refinery, but everything will be at work by the end of the year.

CHAMP D'OR.—The very short life of the mine is the explanation.

J. B.—The Company's address is 779, Salisbury House, London Wall, E.C. To your other inquiries we will reply next week.

## MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

The Kempton Park Summer Meeting is one of the quietest of those held at Sunbury, the reason being that so many clubmen are away North, where they get grouse-shooting and, if they wish it, racing at Redcar. Some of the following may win at Kempton: Bedfont Plate, Wheatear; Greenwood Handicap, Hymettus; International Plate, International; Princess's Plate, Mildred; Round Course Handicap, Bedgown; City of London Plate, Llangwm. At Redcar, I fancy the following: Coatham Handicap, Black Gal; Upleatham Handicap, Agglethorpe; Thirty-First Kirkleatham Biennial, Norman III.; Thirty-Second Kirkleatham Biennial, Holiday House; Redcar Stakes, Mincian; Redcar Handicap, Noturnia; Zetland Handicap, College; Breeders' Foal Stakes, Jonathan; Wilton Plate, Grey Coronet. At Windsor, King Duncan may win the Castle Handicap, and Yentoi the August Handicap; and at Stockton, Ahab may win the Great Northern Leger.

The King arrives to day at Ischl, where he will be received by the venerable Emperor Francis Joseph with special honour. The arrangements are much more elaborate than on former occasions. Most significant is the military character of the reception. Our Sovereign is a Knight of the Golden Fleece and a Field-Marshal in the Austrian Army, and the guard of honour is to be commanded by the Archduke Eugene, commanding the 14th Army Corps, attended by several Generals of Division and Brigadiers. With the Emperor himself will be the Archdukes Franz Salvator and Joseph, and two or three Bavarian princes, while the Emperor's daughters, the pretty and clever Archduchess Valerie and Princess Gisela, and his grand-daughter, the Archduchess Augusta, will help to do the honours of Ischl. The old Emperor is as fond of this lovely little mountain resort as Queen Victoria was of Balmoral, and he is evidently delighted at his brother monarch's consideration in visiting him there. It is well known that the two sovereigns are united by a peculiarly close tie of friendship; and perhaps it is not indiscreet to recall the late Sir Edward Malet's revelations of the Emperor's welcome support in the worst crisis of the South African war.



## EARL'S COURT, BOHEMIA.

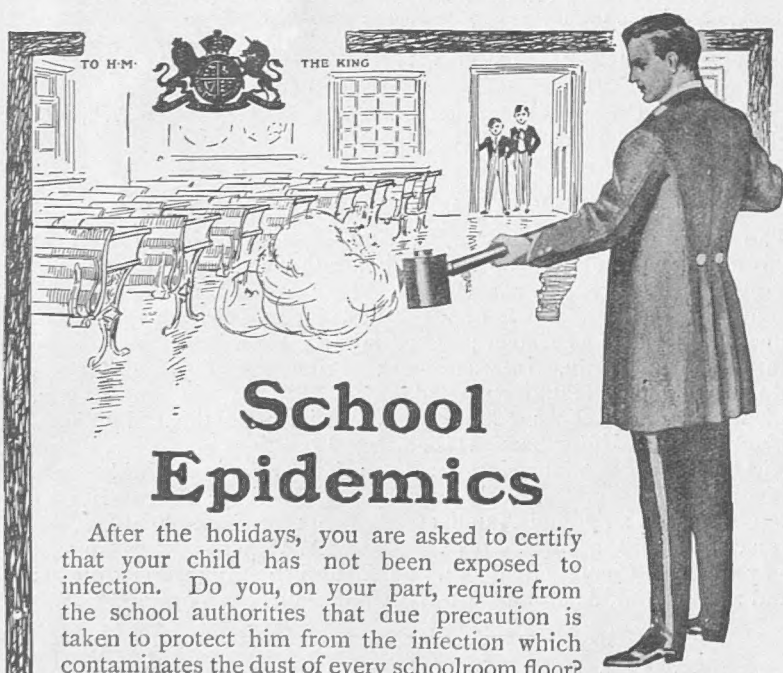
THEY will tell you in Prague that if you throw a stone from one of the city's windows you will throw with it a morsel of history. Prague is proud of her past, prouder of her present, proudest in her predictions of her future, but she is not content to use the past as a prop, to regard the present as perfection, to look upon the future merely as time to come. The past is to be remembered with glory and thanksgiving, the present is but a stepping-stone to the future, the future is a period for which to work, with brain and sinew. And she realises, this royal city, that to progress, to hold her own among the places of the earth, she must be content to hear the call of the century, to recognise that a people lives and dies not only with its art but with its commerce: that without commerce it cannot sufficiently support its art. So it was that Prague chose to celebrate the Diamond Jubilee of the Emperor and King in that most modern of modern methods—by the holding of an exhibition. That she was wise she has proved; that her self-reliance was justifiable is undoubted. She is not only a centre of considerable commercial importance, but she is the heart of the scientific and artistic life of Bohemia; and she has brought to her exhibition that combination of beauty and utility that is so desirable. The beauty makes itself manifest in many ways, in the buildings themselves, in the choice of their situation, in the decoration, in the arrangement of their contents; the utility is everywhere, in everything.

To deal with the exhibition in detail is impossible: as a whole it may be criticised and described. It is set, then, in the park Prague knows variously as Stromovka (tree-garden) and Královská Obora (royal deer-park), placed almost ideally in grounds that give space and shade. Its buildings suggest in many ways those of the Franco-British, save that they have more colour, but are chiefly in what, for want of better words, must be called the new art style. Taking them all in all, they harmonise excellently, and this, perhaps, is a little remarkable, for they are the constructions of a dozen or more architects, each working separately and unfettered, and represent the experiment of a committee who wished to avoid monotony at all costs. The exhibits are excellent, intelligently arranged, notable for the attention to minutiae that is so characteristic of the Bohemian, shown with a skill that permits no iota of their value to be missed, illustrative of all the arts and crafts of which the Czech is master. So much for the serious side.

The lighter, in a sense the more human, side has close kinship with the lighter side of exhibitions the world over—a dash of Coney Island, an echo of Earl's Court, a suggestion of Shepherd's Bush.

That there are bands, cafés, restaurants, picture-postcards, stalls at which the kroner or the few hellers are tempted from the pocket in exchange for presents for those at home, goes without the saying. That there are side-shows is equally a matter of course. A patrol of those side-shows is interesting and instructive, as they say of the goody-goody books. It reveals the cosmopolitanism of the banger of the big drum, the boss of the booth, as does nothing else. They are all there, all our old friends, the wanderers on the face of the Fair earth. In one corner is a roundabout, brilliant and braying; in another a carroussel, with real ponies who start with the orchestration and finish with its last dying note—and confession. Close by is a species of chute, down which the youthful and the energetic run on bob-sleighs, to land in tan, laughing and already seeking the coin for the next ride. Rubbing shoulders are a miniature aquarium, a cinematograph pavilion which rejoices in the possession of English and American posters, highly coloured and melodramatic, a shooting-range, a skittle-alley, a marionette theatre, and the inevitable mutoscopes. In the same district is a Childrens Corner, sanded, free, and fitted with gymnastic apparatus that includes the giant's stride; and a Hippodrome. To the stranger the latter is an everlasting joy. Outside the place is a kaleidoscope of painted buckjumpers, and wild horses guaranteed to drag secrets from a sphinx; inside is a ring—the circus-ring of convention—and round it trot Dobbin and his next of kin. On Dobbin, or one of his next of kin, sits the hero of the moment—black frock-coat, straw hat, white socks, and a smile of satisfaction; closely following him in popularity are a lady who rides astride and does not wear a divided skirt; and, after her, her swain—short jacket, top hat, brown boots, and a tie of crimson. "Time's up." They dismount, and others take their place: so the game goes on, seemingly to eternity. Others of the shows—the Palais d'Illusion, a feast of mirrors and electric-lights; and the Haunted Castle, with its Windy Corner, its joggling floor, its eerie screams—we know full well. Away at the other end of the ground, a bevy of friends greet us from the door of the Abyssinian village, and inside there are others. Here, for the equivalent of fivepence, you may see the Abyssinian in his habit as he lives (to a considerable extent), rejoice in the apparent artlessness with which his wife and children charm loose change from the looker-on, envy his power of dancing, fear his power of fighting, watch him at work in shop or school, even witness his delight in a primitive Turkish bath.

In a word, the Prague Exhibition is worthy of the city of its birth, and should attract not only the citizen but the stranger. Many, seeing it, will realise, perhaps for the first time, the importance and the industry of the "town called Praha."



## School Epidemics

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